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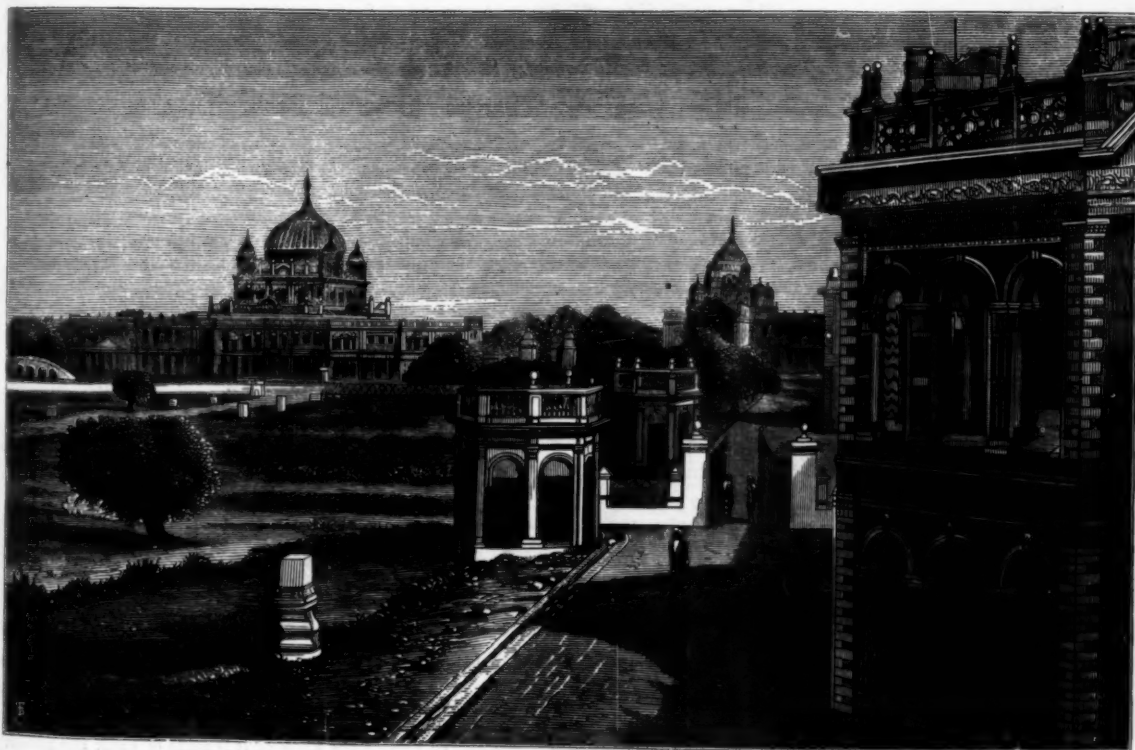
LUCKNOW.

ONE may say that Lucknow is a Hindoo-Mohammedan city in a Parisian style. It resembles Paris, however, about as much as a French dish ordered from an Irish cook just from her native village is like its model prepared by the *chef de cuisine* of a first-class Parisian restaurant. All the ingredients are there, but entirely out of proportion. Thus, the architecture of Lucknow presents neither

Company, and, joining in India the ranks of the English army, he soon rose to the grade of a captain. Commissioned to execute a map of the environs of Lucknow, he came in contact with the Nabob of Oude, who conceived a great affection for him, made him chief of his artillery, and, all but in name, governor of Lucknow. Claude's love of money was enormous, and he used his position as

tectural beauty. He built for himself a mansion known as the Constantia House, so called, it seems, from the general's motto, "*Labore et constantia*," carved over one of the portals; and he achieved with it the success that most amateur architects do not fail to win—of having sinned with it against all rules of art.

He is not to be accused of want of im-



THE KAISER BAGH AT LUCKNOW.

the grandeur, chastity, and severity of the buildings erected by the stern old Patans, nor the elegance, richness, and poetry of Mogul edifices. What there remains of both has lost caste by intermixture with European styles.

The cause of it was the son of a poor cooper in Lyons. Claude Martin, a bright boy, with some talent for mathematics and designing, entered the service of the India

friend and adviser of the sovereign to satisfy his cravings. In 1796 the English promoted him to the rank of a major-general, and, four years later, he died, at the age of sixty-eight, leaving a fortune estimated at six or eight millions.

Every one who can afford it has a hobby, and General Martin, being somewhat of a designer and a mathematician, set his heart upon building houses in new styles of archi-

agination, but rather of an excess of it. He gave full play to his fantasy, and his visions, chiseled into and built up in stones, and moulded into the mud peculiar to India, produce only a doubt whether the edifice is of Paris, Florence, Constantinople, Cairo, or Calcutta, for the characteristics of the principal buildings of all these cities are amply represented in this one structure. Yet the sight of it, as it stands on the confines of the

city proper, surrounded by an extensive park-like garden, which also shows varieties from every clime, is far from exciting ridicule. On the ground-floor are long series of spacious halls, conveniently and pleasingly grouped, and covered by roofs gradually increasing in altitude. The corners, and there are many of them, are ornamented with little kiosks, and in the centre there is a great tower, the lord among several others, of which the massiveness of construction is admirably concealed by richly-calculated openings and windows.

In a vaulted chamber below lies the designer of this architectural caprice. His epitaph, also composed by himself, reads:

"Ci-gît Claude Martin,
Né à Lyon en 1732,
Venu simple soldat dans l'Inde,
Et mort major-général."

something after the style of the French general's. The native architects obtained with this house and garden a handy one-volume cyclopædia of the towns and countries of Europe, and they were quick to avail themselves of its suggestions. Claude Martin's testamentary provisions for the erection of buildings for charitable purposes, all bearing the name of La Martinière, afforded them, after their execution, a still richer variety of ideas; and, understanding much better than he the exigencies of the climate, their own edifices still withstand the ravages of time, while the Martinières are crumbling to pieces. Yet the very fact that they had to adapt the styles of a north-temperate climate to their own, which is in the various seasons in turn tropical and temperate, gave a new stirring to the architectural mixture, and at present there is not in the whole town of Lucknow a single

there was a large court-yard, walled in on four sides by a row of tall houses. For the Kaiser Bagh of the former King of Oude consists of four rows of buildings, which are equal to the Louvre and the Tuileries only in extent and arrangement. There is no harmony whatever among them. The chief aim of the architects must have been to produce as great a variety as possible. Every portion of the Kaiser Bagh presents a new specimen of architectural design. While on one side there is some of the grandeur and breadth which characterized the work of the Romans, and of the graceful luxuriousness which enhanced the palaces of Venice, another side exhibits some of the fascinating picturesqueness of the Moorish remains of Granada and Seville; and another, again, vies with the most meretricious examples of the style of Louis Quatorze. Then, again, there are gorgeous domes, which



GATE-WAY AT LUCKNOW.

He ordered his body to be salted and put into a lead coffin. At each angle of his sarcophagus stands a grenadier, in full uniform, in an attitude of grief and with arms reversed, as if mourning over the fall of a master. Even Fergusson, the Ruskin of sculpture and architecture, acknowledges that, the execution of the monument aside, the conception is the finest that has yet been hit upon for a soldier's grave.

When the structure was finished, the princes of Oude admired it, and undertook at once to erect residences of their own in a similar fashion; and whatever house or palace needed repair or extension was sure to get

edifice of some pretension which is either purely Hindoo, or Mohammedan, or European.

The newly-made King of Oude, of course, had to erect in his new capital, removed from Fyzabad to Lucknow, a palace that should surpass, at least in size, the residences of the minor princes. His friend Claude Martin, no doubt, assisted him in preparing the plan. Like a true Parisian *gamin*, Claude could think of nothing as grand and as beautiful as the Louvre and Tuileries of the French capital. His memory, however, did not serve him well. All he remembered of the really admirable structure seems to have been that

are unequalled by any thing in Europe, and the whole of it is made of brick and plaster, painted with crude and offensive colors, and glittering with a superabundance of cheap gilding.

The Kaiser Bagh of Lucknow, and the Palace of Delhi, have been called the Sodom and Gomorrah of India. They are now overthrown, and from the soil, saturated with Hindoo and British blood, are springing up the first greens of a better growth of human civilization. But, in candor, the injustice to which the natives had to submit was very great. Oude, which in the beginning of this century had its own king, and gentry, and

constitution, is now a British province with an English administration. The king lived in his *zenana* like a true Oriental monarch, and intrusted the government of his empire of ten or twelve million people to his pimps and eunuchs. The court was one of extravagance and debauchery, and the whole country suffered from excessive taxation to defray its expenses. The aristocracy of Oude resembled the German feudal lords of the middle ages. For centuries each prince had exercised authority over a number of villages, sometimes amounting to several hundreds, and levied taxes for his own use from the population. Between the proprietary gentry, and the king, and his ministers, stood the *taloogdar*, a person who leased the revenues which certain districts had to pay, or, in other words, who had made an engagement with the government to furnish from the towns and villages allotted to him the amount of money required, and found his own profit in pressing out a larger taxation. The *taloogdars* kept police forces or guardsmen to compel payment, and confiscated the property of those who had not paid; and though often conflicts arose between them and the landed gentry, ending sometimes in bloodshed, yet the greatest sufferers always were the poor.

Now, when the English had extended their dominion to the confines of Oude, they informed the king that it was necessary, for the preservation of peace in their own territory, that his land should be better and more justly governed. The king, who had profited by the lessons given to the native states bordering on his own, quickly made an amicable arrangement, according to which the English should furnish him soldiery to execute his bidding, as his own forces were not to be relied upon, and that they should in a measure take the administration of his country into their own hands, receiving for it a compensation of several million dollars. A few years later the English told the king that the stipulated number of troops was insufficient to preserve order in his land, and that he would have to pay a larger sum of money in order to administer his affairs as was expected of him. The king, of course, readily agreed to pay a larger subsidy, as the English took upon themselves the task of collecting it from his subjects, pretending to surrender the surplus to his own treasury for the maintenance of his court.

It is said that these proceedings were perfectly legitimate according to general humanitarian principles, for by this means, at least, were broken up the atrocious oppressions of the poor by the *taloogdars* and the gentry. But what was the actual working of the regeneration of Oude, according to European ideas? The motives of the officers who took possession of the country, and who attempted to make a fair adjustment between the rights of the *taloogdars* and those of the land-owners and the tenants, may have been entirely above reproach, but their efforts surely were productive of evil. They were possessed of the ambition of reducing every native aristocrat to an equality with the lower classes. They had no sympathy for the native gentry who claimed rights of property in certain lands,

and various privileges, without being able to produce documentary evidence of their claims. They thought they were acting in the interests of civilization by quickly dispossessing them, and declaring the tenants and tillers of the huts and the soil to be the rightful owners of them. The Hindoos of the artisan castes soon discovered the motives that actuated the decisions of the English officers, and they were not slow to make all manner of complaints against the owners of the houses and lands occupied by them, which generally resulted in their being declared the owners of them themselves. But, however bad the sort of feudal system of the kingdom of Oude may have been, there was no justice in ruthlessly snatching from a whole class of persons privileges and rights which they had enjoyed for centuries, for the mere reason that they could not furnish such evidence for their rights as would now hold good in a European court of justice.

And the evil of it became more and more manifest, and with the next violence which the English committed broke out that formidable rebellion which is known by the gentle name of the Lucknow mutiny. In 1856 a body of British troops, sufficient to trample down all possible opposition, was moved up in a position to overawe Lucknow, and then Outram appeared to carry out his instruction to endeavor to persuade the King of Oude formally to abdicate his sovereign functions, and to make over, by a solemn treaty, the government of his territories to the East India Company. In the event of his refusal, a proclamation was to be issued declaring the whole of Oude to be British territory.

The king received the announcement with a passionate burst of grief. The dealing of the English with him, who declared himself so feeble and defenseless, was like striking a woman or a cripple. But, according to the summing up of the transaction by the English historian, John William Kaye, "five" (rather ten or twelve) "millions of people were not to be given up from generation to generation to suffering and sorrow, because an effeminate prince, when told he was no longer to have the power of inflicting measureless wrongs on his country, burst into tears, said that he was a miserable wretch, and took off his turban instead of taking out his sword." The kingdom of Oude was declared an English province, and the king was carried to a country residence near Calcutta, to be kept half a prisoner and half a guest.

We have now tarried long enough on the memories called up by the Kaiser Bagh, the former residence of the King of Oude. On approaching Lucknow, which is now connected by a railroad with the city of Cawnpore, is first reached the Alumbagh, which contains the grave of General Havelock, now marked by a small obelisk. Then there is Dr. Fayer's house, in which Sir Henry Lawrence died, desiring that his epitaph should read, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him!" Near his tomb in the church-yard, on which these words are now inscribed, are the graves of the gallant Neill and Peel. Near by, on a gentle hill, Sir John Lawrence, as viceroy, sat in state when he ordered his cav-

alry, infantry, and artillery, to pass before him in grand display, followed by the native princes and office-holders of Oude, who were to give the oath of allegiance to the British Government. The aristocrats came riding on six hundred elephants caparisoned with the richest covers their wealth could afford. They came, accompanied by hundreds of retainers, and gave in their submission "as a necessity, with a smile, a shrug, or a scowl." Then the procession passed through the very gate-way through which, a few months previous, had passed a stream of English men, women, and children, in the same solemn silence, when at midnight they stole away from the place that had been the scene of the death of their husbands, or brothers, or wives, or children, and of their own agonies of starvation and sickness. The arch still bears the marks of thousands of shots from both sides, and it stands there surely, not as a covenant of peace, but of war.

Lucknow's vaunted felicity is as deceptive as the first impression which the traveler receives of it, when from a neighboring hill he gazes upon its labyrinth of domes and minarets, with the Goomtee, a tributary of the Ganges, peacefully slumbering in their midst. Even now that a portion of it has been destroyed, and another portion has been built up after the mathematical, rectangular fashion of European warehouses, Lucknow looks magnificent from a distance. But, on closer inspection, it is seen that, at the side of Mohammedan and Hindoo gorgeousness, there is the usual amount of Mohammedan and Hindoo filthiness, and at the side of the somewhat grotesque imitations of the architectural splendors of Italy and France is lying a pitifully exact copy of the low dens, and the immorality and vice accompanying them, found in the capitals of Europe. Lucknow is still as much of a Sodom and Gomorrah as it has ever been; the only difference is that it has been swept out of the principal commercial thoroughfares into the narrow lanes of the old town.

Many mercantile interests are centred in Lucknow, and it is now in possession of post-offices, railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers. Mohammedans and Hindoos have been carried away by the European whirl-storm of money-making, and many of them are at the head of large manufacturing and commercial enterprises. If this is what is called the regeneration of Lucknow, the British may be proud of it; but it seems that it should be to them also a ground for fear. Foreign intruders may succeed in wresting the government from two hundred and forty million people devoid of national spirit, and without any bond of union; but, should at any time spring up in this enormous body of men the least flame of patriotism, or the faintest breath of a spirit of self-reliance, their doom is sealed. The fire of patriotism is being kindled, the desire for self-government is being awakened by the present commercial and literary activities in India, and the fan is in the hands of the priests.

Lucknow has an edifice of great interest to Occidental students. It is the house of prayer of the society known as the Brahma Samaj, or the Brahminical Association. By

contact with the Christian Church and with Islam, the Hindoos became convinced of the necessity of adapting their theogony and religious philosophical system to the needs of modern times, by reconciling them with the ideas prevalent in this age. As early as 1814, Rammohun Roy broke through the polytheism of Brahmanism, and erected an eclectic religious system, based on the belief in one God and the faith in a future existence. This reformatory movement described larger circles with every decade, and produced a general theistic bent in the religious meditations of the Hindoos. The chief agitator of the present time is Babu Keshab Tshandar Sen. Societies have been formed in all the principal cities of India, as in Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares, which open their meeting-houses (for they resemble in all respects a Presbyterian or Methodist church), in which, according to specified statutes, everybody is at liberty freely to discuss any subject of religious interest; provided, however, that the discussion does not attack the fundamental principles of the association. These are a belief in God, the immortality of the soul, the necessity of prayer, and reward or punishment in the future life. The society publishes, also, a periodical called *Sabudh Patrika*, or the "Gazette of Veritable Wisdom."

These innovations, of course, are not well received by the orthodox and conservative Brahmins, who have a natural horror for all rationalistic movements. One of them published an article in the *Haris Chandra's Magazine*, in which he said: "Our religion, which has no equal, has been stigmatized by them as a superstition. They subvert all religion, though it is the sole bond of human society. They belong neither to Islam nor to Christianity, and they detest the Hindoo religion. But this is, however, the only one which deserves to be called the blossom of religions: for it does not call infidels those who are not Hindoos, and it teaches that a virtuous Hindoo is also a good Christian in the true sense of the word, though he does not believe in Christ."

The religious question will draw out the patriotism of the Hindoos. But, to be able to form a fair opinion of its importance, it is well to remember that there are no more than about thirty million Mohammedans in India, against two hundred million Hindoos, about one million Catholics, and three hundred and eighteen thousand other Christians. Only in the western districts of Chota Nagpoor and Santhal does Christianity meet with an adequate measure of success. Missionary labor among the Hindoos and Mohammedans has almost proved in vain, while (which will be a surprise to many) a large number of Hindoos pass over to Islam every year. The natives belonging to the Anglican or American Protestant Episcopal Church have been calculated to number about one hundred and eighty thousand.

The Brahman priests have no reason to feel content under the government of the English. Before their intrusion, it was customary that some jurisdiction should be left to them. In the Brahminical system they were, in fact, the dispensers of all things—

justice, crops, and science. Persons about to make a bargain called a priest to give his blessing on it, and receive his fee. When the land was tilled a priest was called to bless it and insure its fruitfulness, for which he pocketed largesses. When the crops were taken in, a priest appeared, to give his blessing and to claim a tithe. Whoever thought he had invented something new and useful, sought the approval of a priest, and paid him for his advice. The English, however, gave the people to understand that there is no need of always calling upon the representatives of the deities, and gave additional weight to their instruction by dispensing justice themselves, and introducing innovations without the counsel of the priests. Then when, fifty years later, railroads were laid and telegraph-poles were erected, the iron horse and the electric flash preached a more powerful sermon on the falseness of the Hindoo religion, especially in regard to the ex-tortions practised by the priests, than all the worthy men had delivered who had flocked into the land to do missionary labor.

The Brahma Samaj, or Brahminical Association, however, will be in time the rallying-point of the Hindoo population of India. It is daily gaining strength, and more and more approaching Lucknow as its future centre of power. Not long ago the English manifested great excitement at the appearance of the pamphlet entitled "The Battle of Dorking"—how would it be if some one should write "The Second Lucknow Rebellion?"

G. A. F. VAN RHYN.

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'Y."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE annual entertainment at Brosedale was on an unusual scale this year. The house was full, and full of eligible people. Mr. St. George Wilton, it is true, had departed without laying himself and his diplomatic honors at Miss Saville's feet; but that accomplished young lady was upheld by the consciousness that his soldier-cousin would be there to fill his place, and would be no mean substitute.

This celebration of Sir Peter Fergusson's birthday was instituted by his admiring wife, who found it useful as a sort of rallying-point at a difficult season, and helped the family radiance to obliterate the whilom revered grits of Brosedale; and Sir Peter, to whom money was no object, allowed himself to be flattered and fooled into this piece of popularity-hunting as "advisable" and the "right thing."

Wilton dressed and drove over to Brosedale in a mingled state of resolution and anxiety. Although he seemed as pleasant a companion, as good a shot, as bold a rider, as ever to his Hussar hosts, he found plenty of time to think, to examine, and to torment himself. He had not reached his thirty-fifth year without a sprinkling of love-affairs, some

of them, especially of early date, fiery enough, but no previous fancy or passion had taken such deep hold upon him as the present one. Like many of the better sort of men, he looked on women as pretty, charming toys, to be kindly and honorably treated, cared for and protected, but chiefly created for man's pleasure, to give a certain grace to his existence when good, and to spoil it when wicked. A woman with convictions, with an individual inner life; a woman he could talk to, as to a friend, apart from her personal attraction; a woman who spoke to him as if love-making was not thought of between them; a woman to whom he dared not make love lest he should lose those delicious glimpses of heart and mind so fresh, so utterly unconscious of their own charm—this was something quite beyond his experience. Then, to a true gentleman, her strangely forlorn, isolated position hedged her round with a strong though invisible fence; and the great difficulty of meeting her alone, of finding opportunities to win her, and rouse her from her pleasant but provoking ease and friendliness—all conspired to fan the steadily-increasing fire. Occupy himself as he might, the sound of her voice was ever in his ear; her soft, earnest, fearless eyes forever in his sight. What a companion she would be, with her bright intelligence, her quick sympathy, her artistic taste! and through all this attraction of fancy and intelligence ran the electric current of strong passion, the intense longing to read love in her eyes, to feel the clasp of her slender arms, to hold her to his heart, and press his lips to hers! He had known many fairer women, but none before had stirred his deeper, better nature like this friendless, obscure girl, on whom he involuntarily looked with more of reverence than the haughtiest peeress had called forth; and, come what might, he would not lose her for lack of boldness to face the possible ills of an unequal match.

Wilton did not deceive himself as to the seeming insanity of such a marriage. He knew what Moncrief would say; what the world in which he lived would say—for that he cared little; but he looked ahead. He knew his means were limited for a man in his position; then there were good appointments in India and elsewhere for military men with administrative capacities and tolerable interest; and, with Ella Rivers and plenty of work, home and happiness would exist anywhere, everywhere! Lord St. George! Ay, there lay a difficulty. However, he was certainly a perfectly free agent; but it went sorely against him to resign the prospect of wealth to support the rank which must come to him. Insensibly he had appropriated it in his mind since his interview with the old peer, and now he wished more than ever to secure it for Ella's sake. Whatever might be the obscurity of her origin, she would give new dignity to a coronet if she would accept him. It was this "if" that lay at the root of the anxiety with which Wilton drove to Brosedale, and struggled to be lively and agreeable while the guests assembled, for he was unusually early. Who could foresee whether that wonderful unconsciousness which characterized Miss Rivers's manner might not be the result of a preoccupied heart? At the

idea of a rival—a successful rival—Wilton felt murderous while smiling and complimenting Miss Saville as they stood together in the music-room, where the first arrivals were received.

"I thought St. George had left some time ago," he said, observing that gentleman approach.

"He returned for the ball," replied Miss Saville, who was looking very handsome in a superb toilet. "He dances divinely. We could not have got on without him."

"Dancing is a diplomatic accomplishment," said Wilton, gravely. "I am told there used to be a competition-ballet once a year at Whitehall, for which leave was granted at remote missions; but the advantages possessed by the Paris and Vienna *attachés* over those in Vancouver's Land and the Cannibal Islands were so unfair that it has been discontinued; besides, old H—— is opposed to the graces."

This speech permitted St. George to come up, and he immediately engaged the beautiful Helen for the first waltz.

"I think we may as well begin, Helen," said Lady Fergusson; "we can make up two or three quadrilles. Lord Ogilvie"—this to a fledgeling lord, who had been caught for the occasion—"take Miss Saville to the ballroom."

"Where is your youngest daughter, Lady Fergusson?" asked Colonel Wilton. "I suppose on such an occasion she is permitted to share the pomps and vanities. Eh?"

"Oh, Isabel? She has already gone into the ballroom with Miss Walker; but I cannot permit you to throw yourself away on a school-girl. Let me introduce you to—"

"My dear Lady Fergusson, you must permit me the liberty of choice. Isabel or nothing," he interrupted.

"Very well," said Lady Fergusson, with a slight but pleased smile.

Colonel Wilton offered his arm, and they proceeded to the ballroom. It was the largest of two large drawing-rooms, only separated by handsome columns. Cleared of furniture and profusely decorated with flowers, it was spacious and attractive enough to satisfy the wildest Friarshire imagination, nor was it beneath the approval of the experienced West-Enders staying in the house. At one end it opened on a large fragrant conservatory; here the band was stationed; at the farther end of the second drawing-room was an apartment devoted to refreshments, and again communicating with the conservatory by a glass-covered passage, lined with tropical shrubs, lighted by soft, ground-glass lamps, and warmed to a delicious temperature. When Wilton entered the drawing-room the first sets of quadrilles were being formed. He soon perceived Isabel standing by her stepfather, and Miss Walker, in festive attire, conversing with a learned-looking old gentleman with spectacles, at a little distance. Wilton's heart failed him. Where was Ella Rivers? Had Donald insisted on keeping her a prisoner lest she might enjoy a pleasure he could not share?

However, he asked the delighted school-girl to dance with a suitable air of enjoyment, and, before the third figure began, had extracted the following information:

"Donald has been frightfully cross all day; he always is when we have a ball; and he has kept Miss Rivers so late! But I think she is ready now; she was to wait in the conservatory till Miss Walker went for her, as she could not very well come in alone."

After which communication Miss Isabel Saville found her partner slightly absent, and given rather to spasmodic spurts of conversation than to continuous agreeability. In truth, the quadrille seemed very long. He watched Miss Walker carefully; she was still alone, and, if such a phrase could be applied to any thing so rigid, fluttering amiably from one dowager to another among the smaller gentry invited once a year.

"Now, Colonel Wilton," said Lady Fergusson, when the quadrille was over, "I will introduce you to a charming partner—an heiress, a belle—"

"Do not think of it," he interrupted. "I have almost forgotten how to dance; you had better keep me as a reserve fund for the partnerless and forlorn."

Wilton stepped back to make way for some new arrivals; still no sign of Ella. Miss Walker was in deep conversation with a stout lady in maroon satin and black lace; she had evidently forgotten her promise; so, slipping through the rapidly-increasing crowd, Wilton executed a bold and skillful flank-movement.

Passing behind the prettily-ornamented stand occupied by the musicians, just as they struck up a delicious waltz, he plunged into the dimly-lighted recesses of the conservatory in search of the missing girl. She was not there, so he dared to penetrate into the passage before mentioned, on which one or two doors opened; one of them was open, letting in a brilliant light from the room behind, and just upon the threshold stood Ella Rivers, with an expectant look in her eyes. Wilton paused in his approach, so impressed was he by her air of distinction. The delicate white of her neck and arms showed through her dress of black gauze; her dark-brown, glossy hair braided back into wide, plaited loops behind her small, shell-like ear, and brought round the head in a sort of crown, against which lay her only ornament, a white camellia with its dark-green leaves. As she stood thus, still and composed, waiting patiently and looking so purely, softly, colorless, and fair, the quiet grace of her figure, the dusk transparency of her drapery, associated her in Wilton's fancy with the tender beauty of moonlight; but, as the thought passed through his brain, he stepped forward and accosted her.

"I have come to claim the waltz you promised me, Miss Rivers."

She started, and colored slightly.

"Yes," she replied, "I am ready, as you have remembered. I am waiting for Miss Walker, who promised to come for me."

"She is engaged with some people in the ballroom, so I ventured to come in her place."

He bowed, and offered his arm as he spoke with the utmost deference; and Miss Rivers, with one quick, surprised glance, took it in silence.

"You remembered your promise to me?"

asked Wilton, as they passed through the conservatory.

"Scarcely," she replied, with a slight smile. "I did not think of it till you spoke."

"And, had I been a little later, I should have found you waltzing with some more fortunate fellow?"

"Yes, very likely, had any one else asked me. You see" (apologetically), "I am very fond of dancing, and I know so few—or rather I know no one—so, had you not come, and I had waited for you, I might never have danced at all."

"But you *knew* I would come," exclaimed Wilton, eagerly.

Miss Rivers shook her head, raising her eyes to his with the first approach to any thing like coquetry he had ever noticed in her, though playfulness would be the truer description.

"You knew I would come," he repeated.

"Indeed I did not."

These words brought them to the ballroom, and, as they stepped out into the light and fragrance of the bright, well-filled, decorated room, Wilton's companion uttered a low exclamation of delight.

"How beautiful! how charming—and the music! Come, let us dance; we are losing time. Oh, how long it is since I danced! How glad I am you came for me!"

Wilton tried to look into her eyes, to catch their expression when she uttered these words, but in vain—they were wandering with animated delight over the gay scene and whirling figures, while her hand half unconsciously was stretched up to his shoulder. The next moment they were floating away to the strains of one of Strauss's dreamy waltzes.

"And where did you last dance?" asked Wilton, as they paused for breath.

"Oh, at M——, under the great chestnut-trees. There was an Austrian band there; and, although such tyrants, they make excellent music, the Austrians. It was so lovely and fresh that evening!"

"And who were your partners—Austrian or Italian?"

"Neither; I only danced with Diego—dear, good Diego. Do not speak of it. I want to forget now. I want to enjoy this one evening—just this one."

There was wonderful pathos in her voice and eyes; but Wilton only said, "Then, if you are rested, we will go on again." He could not trust himself to say more at that moment.

When the dance was ended, Wilton, anxious to avoid drawing any notice upon his partner, led her at once to Miss Walker, and considerably astonished that lady by asking her for the next quadrille. For several succeeding dances he purposely avoided Ella, while he distributed his attentions with judicious impartiality; although he managed to see that she danced more than once, but never with St. George, who seemed to avoid her.

At last, the move to supper was made, and, at the same time, a gay gallop was played, to employ the younger guests and keep them from crowding upon their elders while in the sacred occupation of eating. Seeing the daughters of the house deeply en-

gaged, Wilton indulged himself in another dance with Ella. When they ceased, the room was wellnigh cleared.

"Now, tell me," said Wilton—his heart beating fast, for he was resolved not to part with his companion until he had told her the passionate love which she had inspired—till he had won her to some avowal, or promise, or explanation—"tell me, have you had nothing all this time? No ice, or wine, or—"

"Yes—an ice; it was very good."

"And you would like another? Come, we are more likely to find it in the refreshment-room than at supper, and be less crowded, too; unless your mind is fixed on game-pie and champagne?" While he forced himself to speak lightly, he scarcely heard his own spoken words, for listening to the burning sentences forming themselves in his brain, and for planning how to find some blessed opportunity of being alone with the fair girl, whose hand, as it rested on his arm, he could not help pressing to his side.

"No, no," she exclaimed, smiling, "I do not care for game-pie; but I should like an ice."

"Then we will make for the refreshment-room." It was nearly empty, but not quite; one or two couples and a few waiters rendered it any thing but a desirable solitude. However, Wilton composed himself as best he could to watch Ella eat her ice, while he solaced himself with a tumbler of champagne. "Whom have you been dancing with?" he asked, trying to make her speak and look at him.

"I do not know. One gentleman was introduced to me by Isabel; the other introduced himself. I liked him the best, although he is a soldier"—a laughing glance at Wilton—"and he says he knows you."

"Oh! young Langley of the Fifteenth, I suppose?"

"He dances very badly—much worse than you do."

"That is a very disheartening speech. I thought I rather distinguished myself this evening; but I suppose your friend Diego could distance me considerably."

"You mean he danced better?"—pausing, with a spoonful of ice half-way to her lips. "Well, yes; you really dance very well; I enjoyed my dance with you; but Diego! his dancing was superb!"

"Was he not rather old for such capering?"

"Old! Ah, no. Diego never was, never will be, old! Poor fellow! You would like Diego, if you knew him."

"You think so?"—very doubtfully—"however, we were not to talk about him. Let me take away your plate. And have you managed to enjoy your evening?"

"Well, no"—looking up to him with wistful eyes—"that is the truth. It is so terribly strange and lonely, I was thinking of stealing away when you asked me for that gallop."

"Let us go and see Donald," exclaimed Wilton, abruptly rising. "His room opens on the other side of the conservatory, does it not?"

"But he is not there; he is gone to bed!"

"Had he gone when you came away?"

"No; but he was quite worn out with his own crossness, and is, I hope, fast asleep by this time."

"Well, I am under the impression that he is still up."

"Did any one tell you? How very wrong! He ought to be in bed. I shall go and see."

"Yes; you had better. It is half-past twelve! Let me go with you; I may be of some use."

"Come, then," said she, frankly; and Wilton followed her, feeling that he was about to reap the reward of the self-control by which he had won back her confidence, which he feared his unguarded glance had shaken when they had last met.

Ella Rivers walked quickly down the passage leading to the conservatory, now quite deserted, the band having gone to refresh, and crossed to a glass door, through which light still shone. "I do believe he is up. The lamp is still burning." She opened it and stepped in. Wilton followed, dexterously dropping the curtain as he passed through.

"No; he is gone," said Ella, looking round. "I am so glad!"

"So am I," exclaimed Wilton, most sincerely.

"How quiet and comfortable the room looks!" continued his companion, drawing off her gloves. "I shall not return to the hall; it is no place for me; so good-night, Colonel Wilton."

"Not yet," he exclaimed, in a low, earnest tone. "Hear me first—I cannot help speaking abruptly—I dare not lose so precious an opportunity." He approached her as he spoke. She was standing by a large writing-table near the fireplace, where the last embers were dying out; she had just laid down her gloves, and, resting one hand upon the table, looked up with a wondering, startled expression. Her total unconsciousness of what was coming struck Wilton dumb for a moment; but he was naturally resolute, and had the advantage of having thoroughly made up his mind. "Although I have done my best to mask my feelings," he resumed, speaking rapidly, but with unmistakable emotion, "fearing to frighten you from the friendly confidence you have hitherto shown me, I cannot hide or suppress them any longer—I must tell you I love you! I must ask if there is a chance for me with you? I know it is audacious to address you thus when I have had so few opportunities of making myself known to you; but the great difficulty of seeing you, your peculiar position, the terrible uncertainty—"

"Oh! hush, hush!" interrupted Ella, who had turned very pale, covering her eyes with one hand and stretching out the other as if to ward off a danger; "do not speak like that! Have I lost my only friend? I did not dream of this—at least I only once feared it, I—"

"Feared!" interrupted Wilton, in his turn. "Why, am I lost? Are you pledged to some other man, that you shrink from me? Speak, Ella! If it is so, why, I must not force myself upon you. Speak to me! look at

me!" And, in his intense anxiety to ascertain the truth, he drew her hand from her face and held it locked in both of his.

"I pledged to any one! No indeed!"—raising her eyes, by a sort of determined effort, gravely, earnestly to his—"I never thought of such a thing—no one ever thought of such a thing!" she returned, trying to draw away her hand.

"Then am I utterly unacceptable to you? You cannot form an idea of the intense love you have created, or you would not speak so coldly! Ella, there is no one to care for you as I do—no one to consult—no one to keep you back from me! If you do not care for me now, tell me how I can win you! I do not turn away from me! I have much to explain—much to tell you—and I dare not detain you now lest we might be interrupted, but come to-morrow across the brae! I will be there every afternoon by the cairn until you can manage to come, if you will only promise. For God's sake, do not refuse to hear me!" He bent over her, longing, yet not daring, to draw her to him.

"Let my hand go," said Ella, in a low voice, and trembling very much. Wilton instantly released it. "Go to meet you! No, I must not—I will not." She stopped, and, pressing her hand against her heart, went on hurriedly—"I can hear no more; I will go away now! Ah! how sorry I am!" She moved toward a door opening into the house, but Wilton intercepted her.

"You misunderstand me, though I cannot see why; but will you at least promise to read what I write? Promise this, and I will not intrude upon you any longer."

"I will," she replied, faintly. Wilton bowed and stepped back; the next instant he was alone.

Alone, and most uncomfortable. He had, in some mysterious manner, offended her. He could understand her being a little startled, but—here one of those sudden intuitions which come like a flash of summer lightning, revealing objects shrouded in the dark of a sultry night, darted across his misty conjectures—he had not mentioned the words "wife" or "marriage." Could she imagine that he was only trifling with her? or worse? The blood mounted to his cheek as the thought struck him; and yet, painful as the idea was, it suggested hope. Her evident grief, her visible shrinking from the word "love," did not look like absolute indifference. She did not like to lose him as a friend, and she feared a possible loss of respect in his adopting the character of her lover. Then she had been so deeply impressed by the caste prejudices of the people around her, to say nothing of the possible impertinences of Mr. St. George Wilton, that it was not improbable she had cruelly misinterpreted his avowal. These reflections gave him the keenest pain, the most ardent longing to fly to Ella to pour out assurances of the deepest, the warmest esteem, but that was impossible for the present; he had nothing for it but to hook up the curtain again, and return to the ballroom, planning a letter to Ella, which should leave no shadow of doubt as to the sincerity and purity of his affection for her.

But the sound of the music, the sight of the dancers, the effort to seem as if nothing had happened, were too much for his self-control, and, excusing himself to his hostess, he was soon driving home, thankful to be out in the cold, fresh night-air, which seemed to quiet his pulses and clear his thoughts. Cost him what it might, he would never give Ella up, unless she positively refused him, and of that he would not think. The slight and unsatisfactory taste of open love-making which he had snatched only served to increase the hunger for more. The indescribable, shrinking, despairing tone and gesture with which Ella cried, "Then I have lost you for my friend?" were vividly present with him, and, before he slept that night, or rather morning, he poured forth on paper all of his love, his aspirations, that could be written. He did not, as letter-writing heroes generally do, sacrifice a hecatomb of note-paper. He knew what he wanted, and said it in good, terse, downright English, stamped with so much earnestness and honesty, that it would have been a cold heart, much colder than Ella Rivers's, that could have read it unmoved. Then, like a sensible man—for, in spite of the strong love-fit upon him, and the rather insane line of conduct he had chosen to adopt, Wilton was a sensible fellow—he set himself to wait patiently till the following day, which might bring him a reply, or, possibly, a meeting with Ella herself, which he had most urgently entreated. That she would either write or come, he felt sure; and so, to while away the time, he kept a half-made appointment with some of his military friends, and enjoyed a sharp run over a stiff country with the D—shire hounds, and dined with the mess afterward.

He was, however, less composed next day when no letter reached him from Ella, and no Ella appeared at the tryst. The next day was stormy, with heavy showers, and the next was frosty—still no letter; still no Ella—and Wilton began to fret, and champ the bit of imperious circumstance with suppressed fury. If to-morrow brought no better luck he would endure it no longer, but make a bold inroad upon the fortress wherein his love—his proud, delicate darling—was held in duress.

The weather was still bright and clear. A light frost lay crisp and sparkling on the short herbage and tufts of broom; the air was so still, that the rush of the river, as it chafed against the big black stones opposing its progress, could be heard at a considerable distance past the cairn, where a path very little frequented branched off to a remote hamlet over the wooded hill behind Glenravin. The low-lying country toward Monksleugh lay mapped out in the rarefied air, which diminished distance and gave wondrous distinctness to all outlines. A delicious winter's day; all sounds mellowed to a sort of metallic music by the peculiar state of the atmosphere. But Wilton was in no mood to enjoy the beauties of Nature. He was feverish with impatience as he walked to and fro behind the friendly shelter of the cairn, and noticed, in the odd, mechanical way with which the mind at certain crises seems excited into a species of double action, and, while absorbed by the great motive, can yet take in and imprint indelibly upon its tab-

lets all the minute details of surrounding objects. He saw the picturesque roughness of a prostrate tree; he watched the shadow of the cairn stealing gradually farther eastward; he noticed a little robin perching on a twig, that seemed to look at him without apprehension; he gazed at a couple of ragged, miserable goats, who were feeding at a little distance, occasionally lifting up their heads to bleat at each other. Years after he could have described the position of these objects, though at the moment he was scarce conscious of them. "Ten minutes to three! If she is not here in ten minutes, I will walk on to Brodale and find out why," he muttered to himself, as he walked away once more toward the hill. When he turned he saw a slight figure, wrapped in a dark-green plaid, standing beside the tree, in the place he had just quitted. Then—impatience, and doubt, and anger, all swept away in a flood of delight—he sprang to meet her.

"At last! I thought you would never come. And yet how good of you to grant my request! I have lived two years since I spoke to you."

Ella smiled and colored, then turned very pale, and gently but firmly drew away the hand he had taken—looking on the ground all the time.

"I could not come before," she said, in a low, unsteady voice. "To-day Sir Peter has taken Donald with him to D—." A pause. "I am afraid you thought me rude—unkind—I scarcely understood you. I—" She stopped abruptly.

"Do you understand me now?" asked Wilton, gravely, coming close to her, and resting one foot only on the fallen tree, while he bent to look into the sweet, pale face. "Have you read my letter?"

"Yes; many times. It has infinitely astonished me."

"Why?"

"That you should ask so great a stranger to share your life—your name. To be with you always—till death. Is it not unwise, hasty?"

"Many—most people would say so, who were not in love. I cannot reason or argue about it. I only know that I cannot face the idea of life without you. Nor shall any thing turn me from my determination to win you, except your own distinct rejection."

"Is it possible you feel all this—and for me?" exclaimed Ella, stepping back and raising her great, deep, blue, wondering eyes to his.

"I loved you from the hour we first met," said Wilton, passionately. "For God's sake, do not speak so coldly! Are you utterly indifferent to me? or have you met some one you can love better?"

"Neither," she replied, still looking earnestly at him. "I never loved any one. I have often thought of loving, and feared it, it is so solemn. But how could I love you? I have always liked to meet you and speak to you; still I scarcely know you; and, though to me such things are folly, I know that to you and your class there seems a great gulf between us—a gulf I never dreamed you would span."

"I do not care what the gulf, what the

obstacle," cried Wilton, again possessing himself of her hand; "I only know that no woman was ever before necessary to my existence; high or low, you are my queen! Do not think I should have dared to express my feelings so soon but for the enormous difficulty of seeing you—of meeting you. Then I feared that you might drift away from me. I am not wanting in pluck; but, by Heaven, I never was in such a fright in my life as the other night, when I began to speak to you!"

A sweet smile stole round Ella's lips and sparkled in her eyes as he spoke. "Ah, you are not going to be inexorable," he continued, watching with delight this favorable symptom; "if you are heart-whole, I do not quite despair."

"Colonel Wilton," she replied, again drawing away her hand, "take care you are not acting on a mere impulse."

"You speak as if I were a thoughtless, inexperienced boy," he interrupted, impatiently. "You forget that I was almost a man when you were born; and, as to reflecting, I have never ceased reflecting since I met you. Believe me, I have thought of every thing possible and impossible, and the result is that you must be my wife, unless you have some insuperable objection."

"Oh, let me speak to you," she exclaimed, clasping her hands imploringly; "speak out all my mind, and do not be offended, or misinterpret me."

"I will listen to every syllable, and stand any amount of lecturing you choose to bestow; but let us walk on toward the hill; you will take cold standing here."

They moved on accordingly, Ella speaking with great though controlled animation—sometimes stopping to enforce her words with slight, eloquent gestures; Wilton's heart in his eyes, listening with his whole soul, slowly and meditatively pulling out his long mustaches.

"Nature to nature," continued Ella. "I know I am not unworthy of you, even if you are all you seem. But are you quite sure you will always see as clearly through the outside of things as you do now? Ah, I have heard and read such sad, terrible stories of change, and vain regret for what was irremediable, that I tremble at the thought of what you might bring upon us both. Mind to mind, heart to heart, we are equals; but the accidents of our condition—just look at the difference between them! I am the veriest thistle-down of insignificance. I scarcely know who I am myself; and might not the day come when you will regret having sacrificed your future to a fancy, a whim? You might be too generous to say so, but do you think I should not know it? If I married you, I would love you; and, if I loved you, there would not be a shadow on your heart, nor a variation in your mood, that I should not divine. Do not ask me to love you. I fear it! I am quiet now; my life is not very sunny, but it is free from absolute pain. Be wise."

"I am wise," interrupted Wilton; "most wise in my resolution to let nothing turn me from my purpose; and, Ella—for I must speak to you as I think of you—do not suppose I am offering you a very brilliant lot when I

implore you to be my wife. I am but indifferently off as a simple gentleman, and will be positively poor when I have higher rank. Still, if you will trust me—if you will love me—life may be very delicious. All that you have said only makes me more eager to call you my own. I am not afraid of changing. I have always been true to my friends—why not to my love? It is true that you must take me somewhat on my own recommendation; but is there no instinctive feeling in your heart that recognizes the sincerity of mine? I have listened to all you have said, and simply repeat, Will you be my wife, if you are free to be so?"

"I will answer frankly, yes. Oh, stay, stay! If, after six months' absence, you return and repeat the question—"

"Six months' absence! You are not speaking seriously! Do you think I should consent to such banishment?"

"You must, Colonel Wilton, both for your own sake and mine. I must be sure that the feelings you think so deep will stand some test; you ought to prove your real need of me by absence, by steeping yourself in the society of your own class—the women of your own class. I have a right to ask this."

"By Heaven!" cried Wilton, "you are utterly cold and indifferent, or you would not put me to so cruel a proof." Ella was silent, and tears stood in her eyes, while Wilton went on: "Think of six months! six months swept clean off the few years of youth and love and happiness we have before us! It is reckless waste! Hear me in turn; give up this purgatory! go back to your friendly landlady. I will meet you in London; in three or four weeks at the furthest we shall be man and wife. I have more than three months' leave unexpired; we will go away to Italy, or the south of France. Ella, I feel half-mad at the idea of such a heaven! Why do you not feel as I do?"

"No, I must not, I will not," said she, turning very pale, and trembling excessively, but letting him hold her hand in both his. "I must insist on your submitting to the test of absence, in justice to me."

In vain Wilton implored and almost raged. She was evidently much shaken and disturbed, but still immovable. The utmost Wilton could win was the shortening his time of probation to three months, during which time he was not to write, nor expect her to write. If, at the expiration of that period, he claimed her, she would be his. If he changed, he was simply to let the trust go by unnoticed. The settlement of these preliminaries brought them very near the entrance of the Brosedale plantations, whither Ella had resolutely bent her steps. Finding his eloquence of no avail, Wilton was rather moodily silent.

"You are angry; you think me unkind," said Ella, softly; "but, however you decide, you will yet thank me."

"You do not feel as I do."

"Perhaps not; yet do not think that it costs me nothing to say good-by. You always cheered me. I used to look for you when I came out to walk; and, when you used to come and see Donald, I always felt less alone."

"If you feel all this, why do you banish me?"

"Because it is wisest and kindest; and now good-by. Yes; do go! I want to be back in time to grow composed and quiet before Donald returns."

"Dearest, you look awfully pale. I ought not to keep you; and yet I cannot part with you." He drew her to him most tenderly, irresistibly impelled to breathe his adieu on her lips.

"No, no," she exclaimed, drawing back; "I dare not kiss you! A kiss to me would be a marriage-bond. Do not ask it; do not hold me." He felt how she trembled, and he released her.

"One day, Ella, you will perhaps know how much I must love to obey you. So it must be good-by?"

"Yes, and remember you leave me perfectly free. I say it with no arrogance or want of feeling; if you do not return, I shall not break my heart. I shall rather rejoice that we have escaped a great mistake—a terrible sorrow. But, if you do come back—" A soft blush stole over her cheek, a bright smile. Wilton gazed at her, waiting eagerly for the next words, but they did not come. "Whatever happens," she resumed, "I shall remember with pleasure, with respect, that for once you rose above the conventional gentleman into a natural, true man." She gave him her hand for a moment, then, drawing it away from his passionate kisses, disappeared in the fast-increasing gloom of evening among the plantations.

AN ENGLISH SPORTSMAN IN FLORIDA.

SECOND PAPER.

BETWEEN the banks of the Myakka River, about twelve feet in height, the tide rose and fell about three feet. The bed of the river consisted of hard, bluish limestone-rocks, scooped out by the action of the water into little hollow basins and holes, with edges and projecting points as sharp as spear-heads, and hard as steel. "Above the rock, which rose just to the level of high water, came rich, dark clay, about five feet in depth, then sand two feet in thickness, and then a layer of vegetable mould, varying from a few inches to three feet in depth. On the surface of the river-water, when boiled, there always appeared an oily scum, showing the presence of mineral oil, an appearance we afterward noticed on several large rivers, Pease Creek, the Caloosahatchie, the St. John River, and others."

Fully laden, the gunwale of the canoe was within four inches of the water, the guide Murray paddling and steering in the stern. Rapidly and smoothly it glided over the dark surface of the lonely river, which gradually widened as they descended. Hundreds of alligators watched them with startled eyes, slowly and silently sinking out of sight a few feet from the bows; water-turkeys, or snake-birds, uttered a shrill cry as they flew away from every overhanging tree, and kingfishers darted hither and thither, apparently

bewildered by the strange sight of a canoe full of men.

Beautiful ferns and tall lilies, with large white, crimson, or purple blossoms, fringed the water's edge, while the banks were overhung with a tangled mass of the densest tropical vegetation. As the evening sun touched with gold the rich, green tops of the palms, and brightened the sombre hues of the live-oaks festooned with gray masses of Spanish moss, and relieved by the bright-green leaves of the wild-vine and the crimson and white blossoms of the parasitic air-plant, while it reflected its own glowing image in the dark water, till they seemed to be floating in a river of fire, our author thought his mortal eyes would never look on any more gorgeous display of tropical coloring.

That night the guide Murray was seized with a sharp attack of illness, and thenceforward was rather a burden than a help to the venturesome canoe-voyagers. Slough Creek, which they attempted to ascend, was a sluggish arm of the river, alive with all the characteristic features of tropical fauna and flora. The vast number of alligators was specially noticeable. Captain Townshend writes: "They would disdain to notice us until we were a few feet from them, when half a dozen would plunge into the water right under our canoe, striking the bottom violently with their scaly backs, and sending a shower of mud and water over us. Being from fifteen to twenty feet in length, they could have crushed our canoe with one scrunch of their powerful jaws, and, were these animals not as cowardly as they are formidable in appearance, we, the first white men ever known to have ascended Slough Creek in a boat, would not have lived to tell the tale of our adventures."

The advance became gradually more slow and difficult. Oftentimes the shallow canoe was stopped by sand-bars, and they were obliged to wait for the tide before they could float across. The black and muddy water swarmed with huge mullet and tobacco-pipe fish, that rubbed their snouts against the boat and plashed dismally in the Stygian element, and great terrapins covering the half-submerged tree-trunks plunged hastily at the dip of the paddle.

Soon the obstacles became more formidable; tall cabbage-palms and water-oaks, having fallen across the creek, required to be cut through with an axe before they could advance, no light work with the thermometer at 85° Fahr. in the shade, and mosquitoes nearly devouring their half-naked bodies. Slowly advancing thus about ten miles, they found the accumulation of fallen trees in the water so great that farther ascent of the creek was impossible, and they were obliged to camp on a sandy ridge about a hundred paces away, to which they cut their way with knife and axe through the rank, dense jungle. Fresh water was exceedingly difficult to find, and the adventurers were obliged to rest content with black and musky fluid, that carried the odor of the great reptiles, from which no creek or pool was free. In spite of these privations, the hardy Englishmen slept soundly at night, weariness deadening the effects of the attacks of insects and the

continuous groans of their sick comrade. The historian of the expedition refers specially to the bitter cold of the mornings. Lighting the fire and cooking the breakfast at 4 A. M. was no trifling duty. A thick mist always covered the face of the prairie, through which the stars faintly twinkled, while every thing was saturated with wet, great drops falling from the trees as though it were raining heavily. He says:

"Strange as it may seem in so hot a climate, throughout our camp-life in Florida we frequently suffered much from cold in the early morning between the hours of three and six, though provided with thick coats and blankets, and never undressing at night. The heavy night dews and mists had by that time thoroughly cooled the heated ground, while the new day was not yet born with its blazing sun, which, for twelve hours, would pour down from a cloudless sky rays of fire, given back with interest by the sandy soil; so debilitated did our frames then become by the heat above and beneath, that, although the thermometer rarely fell below 50° Fahr. at night, it appeared to us a temperature painfully cold, though doubtless healthful, as giving renewed vigor to stand the heat of the coming day."

The guide, though very weak, was able to assist them in the search for the salt-spring they were anxious to discover. Though he had never before ascended Slough Creek in a boat, he had camped on the banks while hunting, and could place the salt-spring by a certain lofty "bee" tree which grew near its edge. Close watching showed the bees, which fed on the party-colored blossoms of the paw-paw, directing their flight to a giant pine about three miles away.

Making their way across the prairie in that direction, as they approached the spring a strong smell of sulphur impregnated the air, and a light mist overhung the water. They had some difficulty in forcing their way through the dense growth of scrub-palmetto higher than their heads, acacia, oak, and other trees which bordered the spring, but at last they stood on its brink. They found that the spring consisted of a circular basin about sixty yards in diameter; the water was clear as crystal except at the southwest edge, where it had a milky appearance, which the guide said sometimes extended over the whole basin. The bottom was covered with shells, and a brown slime which occasionally bubbled up to the surface and smelled like sulphur; the depth was from four to eight feet. Sinking his thermometer in the water, Captain Townshend ascertained that the temperature at a depth of five feet was 90° Fahr., while that of the air was 82°. To the taste, the water was salt and sulphurous, peculiarly nasty, and offering a strong contrast to its marvelously clear and tempting appearance. He was about to test the buoyancy of the water by bathing, when the scaly body of an alligator emerged from the opposite bank, and, swimming rapidly across, occasioned a sudden change of purpose on the part of the eager hunter, whose sore and wearied frame ached for a plunge in the warm water. The prairie and pine-forest in the vicinity of the spring abound in the sweetest grass, with

circular clumps of the saw-palmetto scattered through them, and numerous round ponds where the grass, rushes, and water-lilies, grow to a height of six or seven feet, having a depth of about two feet of water beneath. Nature having thus provided the sweetest food, the thickest covert, and coolest shade, wild animals, birds, and reptiles of every description, seek these tempting haunts, and afford capital sport to the hunters, both red and white, who may chance to visit the neighborhood.

While hunting at this place, Captain Townshend obtained his first shot at a puma. He says:

"Dysentery and fever again attacking our guide at night, he was unable to hunt the following day, so M—— and I started across the prairie at sunrise with many misgivings as to finding our way back to camp again. When near one of the saw-grass ponds, we observed a large animal leisurely trotting toward us, which at first we supposed to be an ocelot; but, as it approached, we perceived, from its tawny-gray color, without spots or stripes, that it was a puma, or Florida panther, also called the South-American lion. Standing concealed behind a clump of palmetto, it came boldly toward us without getting our wind, till a rifle-bullet interrupted its course, when, bounding into the long saw-grass of the pond before we could cut off its retreat, the puma disappeared with a savage growl to die a lingering death, and be found the following day stiff and stark among the tall reeds and water-lilies."

As deer were then out of season, it became difficult to obtain fresh meat, and it was necessary to shoot the wild-cattle which wandered in great herds through the lagoons and swamps, a recourse accepted with much reluctance. Their return to the camp at Slough Creek enabled them to enjoy the luxury of bathing, as there were but few alligators just there. The mosquitoes, however, and sand-flies—a venomous little insect resembling our midge—attacked them so fiercely, on emerging from the water, that clothes had to be hurried on without the previous drying generally considered necessary after bathing. On these occasions they made careful observations on the state of the tide, knowing that they could only descend the creek again by taking the tide at the flood. They were surprised to find that there was seldom any regular ebb and flow, but that the water would sometimes run up or down for twenty-four hours, or even longer periods. Mentioning this circumstance afterward to the captain of a coasting-schooner, he said it was usual on the rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, as the tides were entirely influenced by the prevailing winds when blowing strong.

The canoe remained, during the stay, moored to a tree which overhung the creek. The heavy part of the baggage, such as ammunition, gun-cases, stores, etc., being left on the bank close by, covered with a waterproof sheet to protect them from the heavy dews. The hunters felt no anxiety as to the safety of canoe, baggage, or camp, as they knew there were no white men in that part of the country; and that a hunting-party of

red-men, Seminole Indians from the Everglades, who had been seen to ascend the Myakka River in three boats about a month previously, had again returned seaward, they learned by a peculiar sign. On the bank of the river, before ascending Slough Creek, the guide had pointed out to them some sticks, cut and sharpened at the end, stuck into the ground in a slanting direction, corresponding with the ebb or downward current of the river. This, he explained, was the Indian "sign," to any red-man who might come along, that the hunting-party had again descended the Myakka, and were making their way back toward the Everglades.

The canoe-party speedily made their way down Slough Creek into the Myakka River again, where they pitched camp. The river here was only a mile in width, but so shallow and full of sand-banks that they could hardly drag the canoe along the water, wading in long, thick boots, to protect themselves from the electric fish, sting-rays, and crabs, which abounded in the river. Opposite and below the camping-ground were several small islands, covered with low mangrove-trees, the resort of thousands of birds which had built their nests in them, and whose droppings gave both trees and shrubs beneath the appearance of having been whitewashed.

Stowing guns and fishing-tackle on board the canoe, when the camp was pitched and dinner over, M—— and the captain paddled quietly down with the tide to one of these mangrove-islets, about a mile below the camp, whence there issued a very Babel of birds' cries, audible for miles. As they approached the islet, so the captain tells us, whose stories have possibly a flavor of exaggeration, hundreds of wild-duck flapped slowly away across the water, too fat to rise, while there rose above their heads flocks of pelicans, flamingoes, great white egrets, roseate spoonbill-ibis, blue and snowy herons, a dense mass of circling beautiful birds, that filled the spectators with wonder and pleasure.

In the water they found animal life as abundant as on the islets; the moment a baited hook was thrown in, it was immediately seized by some voracious fish. Sometimes the strong hand-line broke at the first tug, sometimes they hauled alongside the boat some monster that they dared not handle, so had to cut the line, and let the fish go, hook and all. Catfish, sting-rays, bass, and electric fish abounded, but they caught few eatable kinds, two large black bass being the only ones reserved for supper.

Captain Townshend describes a ludicrous and annoying adventure which befell the little party: "At mid-day we stopped, to rest and dine on a mangrove-islet, where the number of snakes in the long grass made us keep carefully near the sandy beach. Lighting a fire on the edge of the grass and the sand, we proceeded to cook our dinner, keeping well to windward, and allowing the flames to spread to leeward, in the hope of roasting some of the snakes. The coffee was just boiled, the hominy cooked, and the bacon and fish nicely fried, when the wind chopped round, and in a moment down came the roaring flames right on top of us. We had just

time to snatch up our fire-arms, throw a few articles lying about into the canoe, and shove off into the river, leaving our dinner to its fate, and glad to escape the roasting we had thought to inflict on the snakes. When the fire had passed, we returned to seek our pots and pans, and then selected a safer spot, where we cooked a hurried meal; after which we again embarked, as we had far to travel before sunset.

"I think our tempers were more tried by this sudden loss of our dinner and quiet pipe afterward than by any of the greater and far more serious hardships we went through during any part of our travels in Florida. We always looked forward to our mid-day meal and hour of rest in the shade, with a good supply of real 'Lone-Jack' tobacco, as one of the few bits of luxury incident to our wandering life. Breakfast was taken hurriedly and half cooked in the cold, damp morning, and supper was a dismal meal on account of weariness and the cloud of insects."

So they coasted along through the tortuous openings in the mangrove-swamps, twisting and turning in every direction, to find the deepest channel. Captain Townshend's companion, Mr. M——, at last climbed a tree that rose high above the mangroves, and came down from aloft with the cheering news that a few hundred yards ahead the water was open. They soon emerged from the horrid gloom of the swamp into a bay about six miles in width, across which could be seen two frame houses, constituting part of the settlement of Hickory Bluff.

The sun was getting low, but they determined to run the risk of being swamped by the fresh breeze in crossing, rather than stay all night on the edge of the great mangrove swamp—a delay which might be dangerous to the poor guide, now seriously sick. The canoe's head was turned seaward, and they succeeded with great difficulty in changing her course so as to keep aloft, the two paddles working with an energy that made the sweat pour from their bodies. Looking down through the clear water they could see such shoals of monster fish as made them tremble to think what their fate would be should the waves, which occasionally broke over the gunwale, swamp them. Sharks, saw-fish, jew-fish, sting-rays, whip-rays, devil-fish, and other strange monsters of enormous size, swam below and around the boat in such numbers (isn't the captain given a little to "travelers' tales?") that they bumped against the bottom, threatening to upset them, and impeding the play of the paddles in the water. The captain says that no doubt such a statement may appear incredible, but he asserts it to be a fact, and he further declares that fish exist in Charlotte Harbor of such size, and in such numbers, as he could not have believed existed in any part of the world had he not himself seen them.

On arriving safely at Hickory Bluff, the principal resident, a Mr. Platt, agreed to take care of the sick man, young Murray, till he was able to return to his family again. This Florida settlement consisted of two frame houses, while a third one was in process of erection by a younger member of the Platt family. Seeing this young Platt working

away at his half-finished house, our author asked him had he no assistance in his work. No, he answered, he reckoned not, there was nobody to help him; the planks had been cut at a saw-mill about three miles distant, and brought there by water, all the rest of the work he had done himself. He had cut down the trees, cleared away the palmetto-roots, nailed every plank, and done every bit of carpentering, joining, sawing, etc., with his own hands. Captain Townshend remarked that it must be slow and very hard work.

"Well," he said, "I reckon that is so, 'specially as I never learned the business—you bet it's taken me some time, nigh a year, but I'll finish it next fall."

The young fellow was contemplating matrimony, and was now erecting a house to which he might bring his bride. The land was there—he had but to take it—and the house, though rudely constructed, would suffice for such a warm climate as that of Southern Florida. Life may be hard to these pioneers of civilization, but they certainly have the advantage over the dwellers in settled countries in one respect, namely, that children, instead of an expense, are an advantage to them; or, if they are not, the cause does not lie in the want of profitable employment for any number they may be blessed with. In Southern Florida, however, little advantage is taken of the natural resources of the country, most of the settlers appearing contented to live in a state of extreme poverty.

The great indolence of the people, and the limitation of diet, are a source of frequent remark with our English author-sportsman. With a rich soil and climate, under which the greatest profusion of vegetables would thrive, even Irish potatoes were rarely seen. No fruits were used except those of the natural wild growth, and these rarely. With rivers and estuaries teeming with the finest fish in the world, and oysters of the best flavor, naught was seen on the table except the same "damnable iteration" of bacon and hominy. Captain Townshend one day observed a boy who had speared a boat-load of fish in the bay, many of which would be the delight of a European epicure. On inquiry, he learned that the delicious feast had been secured for the benefit of the hog-trough. The natives, too, could never be made to understand the British love of daily bathing, arguing that the latter habit was the prolific source of rheumatism and fever—a risk they themselves never ran.

Hearing that a small schooner was loading with swine for Key West, our author and Mr. M—— agreed with the skipper for passage to Punta Rassa on the Caloosahatchee River, some distance south of Charlotte Harbor, where game was said to be abundant. On the passage the skipper gave his passengers an exhibition of fish-spearing, a most speedy method of recruiting the larder in Southern waters. They paddled quietly along under the shadow of the mangrove-islands, and in a short space of time two red fish, of about twelve pounds' weight each, lay struggling in the bottom of the boat, transfixed by a formidable species of harpoon called "grains," most skillfully wielded by the skipper standing in the bows of the boat.

These "grains" consist of a two-pronged iron head, barbed, about ten inches in length, and a staff twelve feet long. The head is loosely slipped into a socket on the staff, and the two are connected by a cord. For killing turtle, a single-pronged, barbed iron head is used, as it pierces the shell better, while for fish the double prong is more deadly. The harpooner lowers his weapon to the water when about to strike, and taking aim at fish or turtle floating either a few feet below or on the surface of the water, drives the steel deep into the body. The construction of the harpoon prevents its being shaken off by the struggles of the victim, as the shaft, slipping at once off the head, affords no leverage, and the steel head remains fixed, towing after it the long wooden shaft. A strong line then enables the harpooner to haul in the fish or turtle, whatever its size might be.

About sunset the schooner passed a curiously-shaped island called Carrabo Key, whose single inhabitant enjoys a fame in Florida rivaling that of the most blood-thirsty pirate of the China seas. Professing to be an Englishman from Plymouth, he calls himself Captain Jocelyn, and some years ago settled down on this desolate island, nothing being known of his previous life. He built himself a house and a boat, and soon became the terror of the whole coast as a pirate and murderer. His plan, according to the wild stories current, was to invite any stranger he might hear of on the main-land to visit him in his island-home, and convey him thither in his own boat, when the unfortunate passenger would never again be heard of—Captain Jocelyn invariably saying that the boom of his main-sail had knocked the man overboard and drowned him. Spanish fishermen, too, who resort to these islands in the fishing-season, had been lured to the murderer's den, and never seen more.

At least four strangers, said popular tradition, and more than one unfortunate Spanish fisherman, had disappeared thus. He was also said to board craft run aground like ourselves, and, cutting the throats of the sleeping crew, to seize all valuables and scuttle the craft. Captain Townshend asked the skipper why they did not shoot such a villain, and thus stop his piracy and murder, but could get no satisfactory reason for not doing so, except that the man inspired so much terror that nobody dared to kill him.

Our captain had the honor of meeting this pirate of the Gulf a few days afterward at the telegraph-station at Punta Rassa, where he landed in his little cutter, and a more cut-throat-looking desperado he professed never to have beheld. Apparently between forty-five and fifty-five years of age, of medium height, very strongly built, with long black hair and beard, and flashing black eyes shaded by heavy eyebrows, he was quite the *beau idéal* of a pirate, and his dress and arms fully kept up the character. He wore a blue-flannel shirt and a ragged pair of pants tucked into long sea-boots, a red-leather belt round his waist containing a revolver and long knife, and carried a rusty old rifle which he never let out of his hands.

Early on the morning of the third day after the departure from Pease Creek, the

two Englishmen were landed on the beach, shivering in the dismal morning fog, and uncertain of what reception they were likely to meet from the people of the telegraph-station. An enormous wooden barn seventy-five feet by fifty, resting on wooden piles above a small plateau, which rose a few feet above the level of the sea; in front of it a white sandy beach, extending round the point formed by the plateau; behind, at a few yards' distance, a gloomy mangrove-swamp, stretching as far as the eye could reach—such were the character and situation of the building forming the land terminus of the Cuban Telegraph cable, at the foot of the wooden steps leading up to which M—— and Captain Townshend sat patiently waiting till the door should be opened and some signs of life appear.

At last, as the sky began to redden in the east, the huge door of the barn was thrown wide open, and a little man in flannel shirt and trousers, with an axe in his hand, began to descend the steps. Seeing two Britishers quietly seated smoking their pipes on a heap of baggage and guns at the foot of the steps, the little man stopped, and ejaculating "Sapristi!" stared at them in blank amazement. Bidding him good-morning they accounted for their sudden appearance, and in return learned that he was a French American from New Orleans, and cook to the station, where the company permitted any passing strangers to take up temporary quarters.

Quickly making friends with such an important person as the cook, they received the welcome intelligence that breakfast would be prepared for them as soon as he had chopped wood, lighted the fire, and could get the dishes ready. One by one the clerks appeared from their rooms, and then the "boss," or head-clerk, whose welcome was certainly more remarkable for its Yankee brevity than for its cordiality. Could they put up there for a day or two? He guessed they could. Might they have their meals there? He guessed they might. Should they inconvenience him by pitching their tents in the barn? He guessed not; and then expectorating freely he turned on his heel and retired into a little canvas office, where the telegraph-needle could be heard clicking actively.

Except the telegraph-station and a few huts constructed of palmetto-leaves, and inhabited during the fishing-season by Spanish fishermen, there is no settlement at Punta Rassa. The station occupies the site of the old Fort Dulaney, the double ditches which defended the fort during the Indian wars being still visible between the plateau and the swamp. During the last great October hurricane the sea swept over the whole point, the swamp and the adjacent islands, driving every living soul to seek refuge in the station, where they passed a fearful night, the water rising within a few inches of the floor of the barn and threatening to sweep all before it, but fortunately subsiding as soon as the hurricane abated.

Hearing of a great cattle-ranch about twenty-two miles up the river, Captain Townshend determined to pay the proprietor, Captain Henry, who owned some forty thousand head, and had the reputation of being a

wealthy and hospitable man, as well as a keen sportsman, a visit. Unfortunately at this time he was absent collecting his cattle, and they were received by his brother-in-law, a Mr. Thompson, instead. The latter gave his English visitors an invitation to return again the following season, when he would accompany them with boat, wagon, and dogs, to Lakes Hickpochee and Okechobee, which it had been their intention to visit, if the season were not so far advanced.

Their return to Punta Rassa was the signal of the second rain-storm of the season, so brief, however, that it did not serve to fill the tanks, which had become nearly dry. Hunting in this neighborhood was found to abound in the usual drawbacks. Our author thinks the whole face of the earth can produce nothing more horribly repulsive in appearance than a dense mangrove-swamp; it is impossible to look around without shuddering. The deadly malaria lurks in many a fair spot in tropical countries, but it is borne on a breeze whose breath is sweet with the scent of flowers, and musical with the song of birds. In the gloomy recesses of the mangrove-swamp, malaria finds a home which forms the very ideal of the abode of Death, whose grim presence seems almost as visible to the eye as the odor of decay is sickening to the senses. Among the tangled mass of roots and boughs, scarcely distinguishable in the strange growth of the mangrove-tree, snakes abound and venomous insects swarm. Instead of song-birds, the buzzard and the eagle build in its solitudes, while the lynx, the puma, the ocelot, and the bear, find in it a safe retreat from the pursuit of man.

Captain Townshend and his friend, however, shook off their feelings of loathing, and often penetrated into the sombre recesses of the mangrove-marsh, rarely failing to bring back a good bag of wild-turkeys, and occasionally an ocelot or puma, besides exterminating many mococasins and rattlesnakes. The latter insidious reptiles seemed to be everywhere. It was dangerous even to walk with naked feet on the sea-weed of the beach, lest some languid ophidian, basking in the sun, should resent the intrusion.

One of the most marked characteristics of the Florida waters is said to be the activity of the scaly inhabitants that swarm in them. Sting-rays and whip-rays may constantly be seen leaping out of the water and alighting again with a splash, which may be heard a mile away, while the mullet springs as though gifted with wings. Between fishing, boating, and hunting, the visitors spent the time very agreeably. The famous free-booter, Captain Jocelyn, arrived one evening, ostensibly to present some Irish potatoes and flamingoes' wings to the "boss" wife at the station, but it was shrewdly suspected that his real motive was to have a look at the rich strangers, whose wealth and position became strangely exaggerated in the popular mouth. Captain Townshend, having a slight attack of the "swamp-fever," and fearing its continuance, determined to proceed to Key West, and thence to Cuba for a brief visit, before further prosecuting his Florida rambles.

DOÑA IGNACIA'S COUSIN.

A TALE OF PERU IN THE COLONIAL DAYS.

I HAD already been several weeks in Lima, and was still under the peculiar influence of the place and climate, unlike any other on this continent, when one evening I received an invitation to the palace *para tomar el té*. "It strikes me this is rather an informal invitation to a stranger," I said to my friend Don Santiago, who had kindly undertaken to be my *cicerone*, and to whom I went for advice at all times.

"This is a ball, señora, and a most splendid one it will be."

"Then why in the world am I invited to tea?"

"Oh, a custom of the country; it seems less ostentatious, but, believe me, it will be a splendid affair. I beg of you to wear your richest toilet, for the Lima women get their dresses from Worth, and their pearls have not their equal in Europe."

"Oh, of course, I shall wear my best, though I can only be a humble spectator, having no pearls and no laces; but I should be much better pleased to be asked to take tea at one of these old houses, the walls and grated windows looking so blank and mysterious, while the court-yards are full of flowers and children. There is one in this street; the carving of the balconies is a marvel of art; and, the other day, as I passed, the court-yard was full of old men and women, sitting on the ground, in rows, as solemn and demure as if they were at church. I longed to go in and see what it was all about, and I will give any one my invitation to this ball who will get me an *entrée* into that old house, where I am sure the occupants look and act as they did in the days of Philip II. Balls are the same all the world over. I like to study customs and nationalities."

"You shall see both, señora mía," replied Don Santiago; "Doña Ignacia Vivero, who owns the house you speak of, is my cousin, and I attend her *tertulia* every evening. The crowd you saw in the court are her pensioners, who go every Saturday for *alms*. She is a remarkable woman—a type of the Spanish *grande dame*, descended from an old Andalusian family. She has preserved all the traditions of her race—proud, condescending, generous, intolerant, passionate, affectionate, *intrigante*, and self-sacrificing. Her life has been one long romance—not unmixed with tragedy."

"Oh, delicious! When shall we go?"

"This evening, if you like."

Accordingly, at nine o'clock, I started, with my kind old friend, for Doña Ignacia's.

The house was built around two courts, the front occupied by Doña Ignacia and her family, composed of children and grandchildren, for here sons and daughters do not go forth when they marry, but remain in the *casa solariega*, or family mansion, living harmoniously under one roof. The second court is occupied by the numerous servants and their families, in true patriarchal fashion, with the horses and domestic animals.

We were received on the threshold by

one of the sons of the family, who conducted us to the hostess.

A little woman, wizened, dried up, the color of chocolate, with piercing black eyes, aquiline nose, hair perfectly white, drawn from her face *à la Chinoise*, and tucked into a little knot on the top of her head. As this strange little figure rose to greet me, dressed in a plain, black-satin gown, without fold or flounce, there gleamed upon me a most bewitching smile, which lighted up the whole face, beautifying every wrinkled feature. I never before realized the power of a smile, the influence of grace in old age. She took my hand; the gracious terms of Spanish welcome fell in soft accents from her lips; I sat down entranced, and the witchery increased as I looked about me.

The floor of the vast room was paved with blue Moorish *azulejos*; the tables and cabinets were of tortoise-shell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the chairs of ebony, of rare and curious designs; while on the walls hung seven pictures by Velasquez, framed in silver. Chandeliers of Venetian lustres hung from the ceiling; and near me, on a console of pure mother-of-pearl, stood a clock of the *Buen Retiro*, for which Lord Dudley and Rothschild would have quarreled.

In two corners of the room sat the *tertulianos* at *Rocambo*,* two of the players tanned priests in blue robes with scarlet crosses on their breasts; while servants passed to and fro through the rooms offering *dulces* and chocolate in cups of priceless majolica.

The double doors leading into the bedroom were open, and I suppose it was in answer to my wistful glance that Doña Ignacia led me in. The great state bed of carved ebony and ivory was hung with crimson damask and antique lace; the utensils of the toilet and lavatory were of delicately-wrought silver, and at the end of the room rose a lofty altar, where candles burned in golden candelabra, set with precious stones, before a picture. As I looked, Doña Ignacia said, reverently:

"Nuestra Señora por Murillo."

The dear old lady looked so perfectly in accordance with the scene, in spite of the simplicity of her dress—for the Oriental taste inherited from her Moorish ancestry showed itself in the gems on her fingers, the long pearls in her ears, and the jeweled buckles on her shoes.

As I sat tranquilly drinking in the delicious influence of the sixteenth-century atmosphere about me, with the satisfactory consciousness that here all was genuine, no *bric-à-brac*; that I had before me an interior which, in appearance and human characteristics, was precisely what it might have been in the days of Charles V., I was startled by an apparition that metamorphosed the whole, and brought me back in an instant to the year 1869. The fairy in this instance was a young girl about nineteen years of age, a tall, delicate English blonde, in a white ball-dress, with all the fantastic adornments of the Second Empire; but, as if there could be nothing

belonging to this house quite free from the stamp of antiquity, the fair young stranger wore around her throat a necklace of marvelous emeralds, set and arranged so simply, nay, almost roughly, as to prove that the Indian hands that drew them from the mine must have fashioned them into their present shape.

"What does this mean? Who is she?" I exclaimed, *sotto voce*, to Don Santiago, as the fair vision kissed Doña Ignacia on both cheeks, and the old lady caressingly expressed her approval of the stranger's appearance.

"She is the daughter of Admiral Scott, and cousin to Doña Ignacia."

"Doña Ignacia with English relations! How can that be?" I exclaimed. "It destroys all my illusions. The heretic and the Catholic of the middle ages did not mix their races!"

"True," said my old friend; "it's a pretty story, and will interest you as a Protestant. Let us sit down in this corner, and I will tell it to you while Doña Ignacia has her game of *Rocambo*."

Accordingly, in front of the Virgin by Murillo, with the priests at their cards in view through the open door, I listened to the following tale of the colonial days:

"You have been to Arequipa, señora, and you remember how prettily the town is situated, with the snowy peaks of the Cordillera on the east, and the desert on the west leading to the sea. When the *repartimientos* were made to the early colonists, the valleys and plains around Arequipa, with the Indians inhabiting them, were given by the emperor to Doña Ignacia's and my ancestor, Don Ramon Nicochea, one of the bravest and most loyal of his majesty's subjects. At the close of the last century, though there were not wanting individuals who harbored in their hearts, and now and then expressed, rebellious sentiments, still, the people at large, though they suffered from the despotism of the mother-country, were loyal, and the manners and customs had not changed since the days of the conquest. Certain powerful families governed, while their slaves tilled the soil, and over all stood the Church, ruling the masters and the slaves.

"The most powerful of the ruling families was that of Nicochea, the heads of which at that time were two brothers, the elder a widower with a son and a daughter; the younger was bishop of the diocese. The ruling passion of these brothers was avarice; to multiply the number of their farms and their slaves their sole ambition. The son (my grandfather) was reared with the same ideas, and the three came to regard the only daughter of the family in the light of a thief, destined later to rob the estate, and enrich a rival house with her dowry. Had not the younger brother been a priest, he could have married Mercedes, and saved the dowry.—You start, señora: I know that such marriages do not take place among Protestants, and we are learning to consider them objectionable; but I can still point out many such unions in Lima to-day.

"The only means to keep the estates intact was that Mercedes should take the veil, and, in spite of her tears and protestations,

she was placed in a convent and entered upon her novitiate. In Peru even to-day the convents are ecclesiastical prisons, where the secular power cannot enter—the abbess is above all law, and the novice is buried forever.

"Time passed. Mercedes's rebellious cry was never heard; her novitiate passed, her vows were pronounced, the veil covered the pale face, and the family breathed freely, for the convent told no tales.

"In spite of her education and the traditions of her race, Mercedes's soul revolted against her fate. Though she could conceive of no way of escape, she pondered on it continually. Where could she go? No one would receive her—she would be a pariah on the face of the earth. But, while she was aware of what she would have to suffer, she was ready to accept any suffering, any humiliation, to escape from the life to which she was condemned.

"Though she did not fulfill her religious duties in the manner that might have been expected of the niece of a bishop and daughter of a family celebrated for its devotion to the Church, still no one suspected the rebellious spirit hidden under the cold, indifferent bearing, and, thanks to her position and the power of her family, Mercedes's faults were overlooked by the abbess, and she was allowed more privileges than the other nuns enjoyed.

"The only duties which Mercedes performed willingly, and to the approval of the abbess, were those of a nurse. She had a noble and generous nature, and a heart quick to sympathize with all forms of suffering. Added to these moral qualities, she had perfect health, a melodious voice, a light step, and a soft, white hand. In a family of five hundred, her experience increased each day, until finally her position of head-nurse became recognized, and, when any nun fell ill, she was immediately called to the bedside of the sufferer.

"Three years passed, when the abbess was attacked by illness. Mercedes saw that the malady was serious, and sent for the physician, the only man besides the confessor ever admitted beyond the parlor of the convent.

"The sole doctor of Arequipa happened at that moment to be laid up with a broken leg, and he sent in his place a young Scotch surgeon, who, in a spirit of adventure, had wandered to this remote part of the world, and whom the doctor had invited to stop at his house.

"The stranger, delighted at an opportunity to penetrate a retreat which his education had taught him to detest, opened his eyes wide to detect all its hidden mysteries.

"He found a stone building, one story in height, with vaulted roof, built like a casemate, to resist shocks of earthquake, covering the sides of a vast square—the centre a garden blooming with roses and jasmine, and filled, not only with orange and fig trees, but with our far-famed *chirimoya*, as you know, señora, the rarest and most delicious of tropical fruits. The portress conducted him through the cloister, paved with *azulejos* brought from Seville; the walls hung with grotesque pictures, portraying scenes in the

* Like the game of ombre, described in the "Rape of the Lock."

life of Saint Catherine, patroness of the convent. On the threshold of the abbess's cell he met an angelic figure in a blue habit and snowy veil. He was dazzled, bewildered; his imagination, already kindled by the strange and beautiful scene, was now so overpowered that he could hardly control himself sufficiently to ask the necessary questions in regard to his patient.

"The disease was a cancer, and Dr. Scott perceived, almost with joy, that some months must elapse before the patient could be released from her sufferings by death. Meanwhile, he could frequently see the beautiful nun.

"Mercedes, on her part, was not less attracted by the stranger. He was young and handsome; he was the only man, except her confessor and the old doctor, that she had seen since she entered the convent, and, as her heart was not in her vocation, it was the more free to receive this masculine impression.

"Two or three times a week they met at the bedside of the abbess, and after each visit there was a consultation in the antechamber concerning the state of the patient, and directions to be given.

"What opportunities for whispered words of love!—and would they have been human had they resisted?

"We have here all the elements of passionate love—virgin hearts, danger, mystery, and hopelessness!

"But their love was not unmingled with bitterness. They knew that their marriage could never take place, for how could the doctor carry off his treasure? and, if he succeeded, where could he hide her? There was no priest who could marry them—a Protestant and a nun! The Inquisition had an office in Arequipa, and Bishop Nicoechea was its chief.

"The lovers knew but too well what their fate would be; nevertheless, they resolved to fly. After having formed and rejected several schemes, they finally decided upon one which offered the best prospect of success.

"They succeeded in conquering the scruples of a laundress employed in the convent, whose life the doctor had saved, and she promised them her aid. One night the doctor placed the skeleton of a woman in the basket filled with linen, which the laundress was to take to the convent. This basket was carried, as usual, to Mercedes's cell, in order that she might select and remove the abbess's linen.

"Mercedes took out the skeleton and placed it in her bed. Toward midnight, the abbess having fallen asleep, Mercedes called one of the sisters to watch in her place, and retired to her own cell, where she removed her cap and habit, put on a plain black dress, and wrapped a large black shawl over her head and shoulders, according to the custom which still prevails in the country, and which is a complete disguise. She then set fire to her bed. As soon as it was in flames and the room filled with smoke, she opened the door and hid herself in the garden to await the result. Soon the smoke filled the corridor, and was discovered by the sister watching the abbess.

"She gave the alarm; the portress opened

the gate and ran into the street to call the watch. This was the moment for which Mercedes was waiting. In the confusion and darkness she slipped out of the open door, and flew to her lover, who was waiting for her in the shadow of the wall. He led her to the laundress's house, who had promised to conceal her.

"Meanwhile all was confusion and excitement in the convent—the terrified nuns rushing to and fro, while the watchmen and neighbors worked to extinguish the flames. As the building was of only one story, and constructed entirely of stone, each cell vaulted like a fortress, there was little for the fire to feed upon, and the water from the convent fountain soon put it out.

"On examining Mercedes's cell, they found on the spot where her bed had stood some half-burned bones. The nuns reverently collected what they supposed were the remains of her sister, and carried them to the chapel where, after three days devoted to masses and prayers for the repose of her soul, these bones were buried with all the ceremonies of the Church; Mercedes's uncle preaching the funeral sermon, while her father and brother wept with the nuns over their common loss.

"Meanwhile the living Mercedes was as practically buried as the bones interred in her name. Hidden in a corner of the laundress's miserable hut, she lived in constant terror. The doctor did not dare to visit her daily for fear of discovery; she had not a friend or relative who would look at her without horror; and the difficulty of escape from the town was almost as great as it had been from the convent.

"After a few weeks her life became insupportable, and, in her desperation, she resolved to make herself known to her uncle, and entreat his aid and pardon. He had always petted and caressed her more than her father or brother, and had shown much grief at her sad death, and, as she was now dead to all the world, she hoped that, for the honor of the family, he would sanction her secret marriage, and facilitate her escape from the country.

"The doctor had no confidence in the result of such a step, and urged Mercedes to fly with him to the coast, and there remain disguised and concealed until they could escape in some ship to Europe. But, in spite of the rash step she had taken, the poor girl could not endure the thought of expatriation and disgrace; so her lover finally yielded to her wish, that she should apply to her uncle, while at the same time he made his preparations for departure.

"At evening, at the hour of 'oracion,' when she knew that her uncle would be alone in his oratory, her face and form closely hidden in her *manta*, Mercedes stole into the *patio* of her uncle's house, and, passing through the familiar corridors, found her way to the room where she should find him at prayer.

"She threw herself at his feet, sobbing: 'Dear uncle it is I; it is Mercedes who implores your mercy, your aid!'

"The old man was horror-stricken—he took her for a ghost—and cried loudly for assistance.

"I'm alive—touch me—don't be afraid! Listen to me for the love of Jesus!' cried the poor girl.

"He hesitated; she took his hand, and forced him trembling to listen. But her tale terrified him more than her apparition. It was incredible, impossible, that a daughter of his family should be unfaithful to her vows; and to be willing to marry a heretic was still deeper degradation.

"But he reflected that to expose her now would make the matter worse; the scandal would be almost worse than the crime; and this consideration induced the bishop to promise silence, but nothing more.

"You are dead to us, unhappy girl,' he said; 'you must leave the country forever. Here, take this purse, and these jewels; they were your mother's. A saint in heaven, she may pray for you; I cannot. Go—go—would to God you were dead!'

"She staggered from the house; her lover awaited her at the door.

"Come, take me away to your country,' she whispered, through her tears. 'Poor Mercedes has now no one in the world but you.'

"On horseback, disguised as a man, she crossed the desert, and after a journey of three days reached the little seaport, where they hoped to find a vessel in which they could embark. Alas! the harbor was empty, and they had much difficulty in finding a place of refuge. Mercedes was so overwhelmed with shame and remorse, that she exposed herself to discovery at every moment; and, finally, was so ill as to be forced to keep her bed. Any one accustomed to the inns of other countries can hardly form an idea of the wretched spot where the poor girl was forced to pass several weeks. But even at the present time the stopping-places for travelers in the interior of Peru are not much better. Imagine a thatched roof supported by four poles, without walls, open on the four sides. In one corner was Mercedes's bed, unprotected from the gaze of the muleteers and travelers who were constantly entering to regale themselves with *chicha* and other drinks sold at the table on the opposite side of the *tambo*. For seven weeks this delicate nun was constantly exposed in this place to the danger of discovery, which they knew would be for both the signal for death. To carry off a nun was a capital crime—infidelity to her vows condemned a nun to be buried alive in the crypt of her convent!

"At last, when the doctor was beginning to fear that Mercedes could not long resist the exposure and suffering to which she was subjected, an English frigate hove in sight, and, trembling with joy and excitement, Scott rushed to meet the captain as he landed.

"You can imagine the joy of an English Protestant of that period at the prospect of carrying off a nun, and saving a victim from the Inquisition. 'Come, come, quick!' cried the old sailor; 'who knows, while you are telling me the story, those d—d rascals have not found her out, and are putting the screws on her?' and, followed by his boat's crew, the captain, sword in hand, went with Scott to the *tambo* where Mercedes was lying. A few agitated words sufficed to explain that her deliverance was at hand. The sailors

raised the bed on their shoulders and carried her to the boat, and soon they found themselves on the deck of the frigate, protected from the Inquisition by fifty Protestant guns.

"Sail was made without delay, and, as soon as they were well out at sea, and beyond Spanish jurisdiction, the captain performed the ceremony which made the suffering and loving pair man and wife.

"In due course of time they reached England, and finally Edinburgh, where Mercedes found a home among her husband's relatives, who received her as a brand escaped from the burning, a convert from superstition, a victim rescued from the superstitious of Spain.

"Meanwhile the happy pair little suspected that, not only during their escape, but after they reached Europe, they were under the surveillance of the bishop. Though he did not openly assist their escape, he took care that no accident should occur to prevent it. Having become aware of Mercedes's existence, he was as anxious as she could be that they should succeed in leaving the country. He had no desire to see his family disgraced by the stigma which Mercedes's act would cast upon it, and the tie of blood was strong enough to lead him to deprecate for her poverty and suffering. Accordingly, a trusty emissary followed the pair to the coast and watched them until they reached the frigate, and afterward, through agents which the Church of Rome had, and always has, in all countries, the bishop was made acquainted with Mercedes's career up to the time of his death.

"The old man kept his own counsel, and none of the family suspected the secret. His brother died before him, and, after the bishop's death, Mercedes's brother (my grandfather) learned the story through the correspondence which he found among his papers. My grandfather made no effort to open any communication with his sister—in fact, it would have been difficult to do so at that time: the country was in a state of revolution, and correspondence with Europe most difficult.

"Finally, after Peru had obtained her independence, I, then a young man, went to England as an *attaché* to the Peruvian legation, and, having always been much interested in the story of my aunt, determined to find her.

"I succeeded, and found a beautiful old lady, who combined the Spanish grace and vivacity with the creed and habits of the Scotch Presbyterian. She had forgotten her mother-tongue, and was in all respects a Scotchwoman, yet, when she saw me, the long-dormant claims of race and blood asserted themselves, and she embraced me with passionate emotion.

"Her house became my home, and her eldest son, an officer in the navy, was as a brother to me. In course of time he married, and now commands the English squadron. His daughter is the pretty blond girl whose appearance this evening excited your surprise."

"And the emeralds on her neck?" I asked.

"Were those which the bishop gave her grandmother at parting, and which were worn by the Indian bride of the first Nicocoes, the daughter of Atahualpa."

AN UNWRITTEN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION.

AMONG the many interesting places in the State of Massachusetts none is more picturesque, alike in its situation and the peculiar characteristics of its people, than the town Marblehead. Built on a beautiful little land-locked harbor of Massachusetts Bay, the view from the rocky wall on which it stands, both landward and seaward, is very lovely and impressive. If Nature has given the town romantic and impressive surroundings, accident in its mode of settlement has impressed its people with certain idiosyncrasies which are as marked to-day as they were one hundred years ago, singularities of *physique*, pronunciation, and moral character, which set them apart as an exceptional community. The first settlers were from the Channel Islands of Great Britain, principally Jersey and Guernsey, who crossed the ocean in search of a new home after the earlier Puritan colonies had been organized. The inhabitants of these islands have never found much encouragement to till the ground on account of the rocky and barren soil, and, like their hardy and daring forefathers, the Norse vikings, have ever preferred to follow

"The swan's path and the whale's bath,"

and make the mighty ocean their harvest-field. The British navy and merchant marine have always found one of their most valuable nurseries in the storm-swept islands of the Channel, the denizens being of a mixed Norse and French descent, and universally characterized by much of the *flair* and vivacity of the latter, with the dogged fierceness and courage of the ancient race of sea-kings. So, when several ship-loads of the islanders landed on the coast of the New World, and erected their household gods at what is now known as Marblehead, but few of them were disposed to follow the tame and quiet pursuits of agriculture. The roaring main was only a short distance' sail down the charming waters of Massachusetts Bay, and in its perils and hardships there was a bewitching fascination for which no joys of the land could compensate.

Thus, from the infancy of the town, the Marblehead men have cast their nets into the sea, or anchored their stanch crafts far away from land on the fishing-banks, and spent at least half of the year on the deep. At the time of the Revolution it was the second town in the State for size, numbering at least five thousand inhabitants. The standard of resistance to British tyranny was raised, and the fishermen of Marblehead responded to the call with a stern enthusiasm. When a navy was created, their tastes found an outlet of a more congenial nature, but at the outset they were obliged to serve on land, and no more fierce and valiant fighters were found in the Continental troops than the bronzed and stalwart recruits who thronged to the front from the leading fishing-town of Massachusetts colony. At the close of the protracted struggle more than half of the inhabitants of Marblehead were widows and

orphans. What more eloquent testimony than this could there be of courage and self-devotion!

The fall of 1776 was a season of peculiar gloom for the newly-born republic. Reverses everywhere, victories none. The British army had been largely reinforced by bodies of Hessian auxiliaries, and its generals pressed their advantage with great energy. Washington, at the head of four thousand men, had been disastrously beaten on Long Island, and compelled to retreat, fighting his way, mile by mile, across the Delaware. The term of service for a large part of the Continental army, which was only one year, had expired, and there was no pay forthcoming. As dearly as the men loved their country, they had wives and children dependent on them, and they must home to provide for the tender and helpless ones. Every town on the coast was liable to be sacked and plundered by the British men-of-war, for there was, as yet, no American fleet to defend the Atlantic shores. Congress, to be sure, had, in the spring, authorized the building of thirteen frigates, but what were legislative enactments without money and ship-yards? The cross of St. George soon threatened to fly triumphantly over every American city, and even the iron soul of Washington was wrung with the most bitter discouragement, for the clouds were so black that hardly one ray of light sparkled from their depths. Thousands of the more weak and timid had become dismayed to such an extent that they had accepted the offers of amnesty and pardon offered by the British commanders on condition of no longer extending aid and sympathy to the patriots. The loyalist and Tory elements in the population dominated with a high hand, and despoiled all those even remotely suspected of Whiggery with a barbarous and reckless violence, that made them even more dreaded than the red-coats themselves. There seemed to be but one step more to the complete subjection of the revolted colonies.

Among the regiments of the Massachusetts line which were broken up by expiration of term of enlistment, that to which Abner Taft, of Marblehead, was attached as sergeant, had done splendid service, for they had fought heroically in every battle from the day of Bunker Hill till they were disbanded. Battle-scarred, ragged, shoeless, and penniless, they returned in small detachments, but still their hearts were filled with joy, in spite of the gloomy outlook of the nation—for they were going back to the arms of their families, to kiss again the beloved lips from which they had long been parted. Sergeant Taft and the other men of Marblehead would again join the patriot forces, but they would, before their return, gather in the crops of the earth, and the still more generous bounty of the ocean-depths; for the harvest on shore and the season of deep-sea fishing were alike close at hand. The sacred joy of that reunion with sweathearts, wives, and children, can be imagined. For a still mightier storm of war has, within a few years, left indelible scars and exquisite memories of the bliss of return, which the survivors would not have

missed even to have escaped the dangers which gave it sweetness.

Abner Taft was a man remarkable even among his hardy and athletic townsmen for gigantic strength and courage, traits which still shine out in his descendants, from one of whom the writer heard the remarkable exploit of his ancestor. Of more than six feet in stature, and otherwise herculean proportion, he was feared and admired by those that knew him. Though gentle and kindly in his ordinary moods, his wrath was terrible when aroused by insult or injustice, and had something of that Berserker fierceness which gives such a strong coloring to the songs of the old Norse scalds and saga-men. He had been a leader among his fellows in the perilous adventures of the deep and the no less pressing dangers of the shore.

His fair wife, but a few years married, idolized her hero, and her heart beat with terror at each parting, though in her, too, burned something of the fiery spirit which has ever animated the Marblehead women, and gave occasion for Whittier to write his picturesque "Skipper Ireson's Ride." She knew, when he sailed away the king of the fishing-fleet, or marched to join the Continental armies, that her husband would be in the fore-front of every danger.

The soldier-fisherman cannot linger long in the sweet idleness of home, and rest in the clinging arms of wife and babes. There is provision to be made for the long, hard winter, which would shut down on them for five dreary months, and the mackerel-catching fleet is ready to start. Abner Taft's fishing-smack is moored out in the bay, every thing taut and ready for the two months of spoliation of the deep, and his two hardy comrades have completed their final preparations. Let us fancy the scene of departure on a bright September morning, as the glad waves smile and laugh under the glint of the beams of the just-risen sun. The air is full of perfume—sweet clover, the dainty aftermath of the upland meadows, the fragrant breath of kine, the delicate scent of sea-weed, and fresh, wet sand. Martha Taft kisses her husband for the last time as he leaps from the low jetty at the foot of the cliff into his yawl, followed by his men.

"Thee must keep good heart, my lass," he shouts, as the oars glisten in the sun; "we'll coom back again before thou'st all the apples strung. It's not like goin' off to fight the red-coats."

Martha thinks of other sadder partings, and smiles gayly in return as she waves her red kerchief to the stalwart fisherman, whose huge figure looms up in sharp proportions, as he stands in his boat, against the level rays of the sun, anxious to catch the last view of his wife. After all, it was only, as he said, a short absence, and there was no danger that a fisher's daughter, herself bred amid all the hardy associations of the sea, should dread. Had she herself not sailed away once to the mackerel-grounds, and time after time been rocked on the bosom of the storm and the deep? Far from her thoughts was any such mischance as that which was to inspire her husband to perform a deed, one of the most remarkable in the chronicles of the time.

It would be worth a special article to paint in words, with the same spirited and picturesque touch with which Norton and De Haas put similar scenes on canvas, life on board the fishing-fleet off the coast of Maine or Massachusetts. The same now as it was one hundred years ago, we can easily fancy the scene so realistic, yet so poetic—the stanch smacks riding at anchor looming up like phantoms through the gray mists as they rock on the long, lazy swell, or dancing on waves that leap and exult under the flash of noontide, the hoarse cries that pass from boat to boat, the wild life of the seas tamed into a shy bondage and sympathy with the human life, which builds a brief village over its treacherous foam.

But Abner Taft and his sturdy mates, though deeply and dumbly conscious of the beauty and terror of the ocean, as all men of the sea are, had other thoughts to absorb them. To perform their work speedily, to catch and pack their boat-load of the finny food, which meant comfort and content for those they loved, was the thing to be done, that they might return and make matters snug at home for the cold weather. There were then no patriotic commissions that lavished money at home, while stalwart men fought in the field, to give timely assistance to the families of the absent soldiers. So the fishermen worked on day after day and week after week, through fair weather and foul, till the "catch" was completed.

The night of its departure from the fishing-banks, the little fleet was widely scattered by a storm. Abner Taft's smack was driven out to sea before the gale, and nearly suffered a wreck. The warring of the tempest was in his ears through the long dark hours, as he was hurried he knew not whither. When the morning broke on the wild waste of waters he knew that he must be far out at sea, for there was nothing in sight, except low down on the horizon a large vessel, which was hardly noticeable between the confused tumbling of the waters and the thick, dark sky. A ship at sea for the imperiled crew of a frail fishing-boat is now a welcome sight.

To these three men of Marblehead it was a thing more portentous of evil than the cruelty of the ocean and the frown of the skies. It could be nothing less than an armed vessel of the enemy, for the colonies had but little merchant-marine, and their ships-of-war were as yet standing peacefully in their primitive woods. To be captured had but one meaning—a lingering death by imprisonment in some dungeon-hulk, or possibly to be impressed into a service which they bitterly abhorred—in any case, a long, if not final, parting from all those they loved.

There was still one chance: their little boat, lying low, might not be seen, and the British war-vessel pass on. This hope was soon crushed, as the rapidly-enlarging ship came up with close-reefed sails before the stiff breeze, into which the gale of the preceding night had subsided. Only a few minutes elapsed before a shot was fired, and a hoarse voice, roaring through a speaking-trumpet, bade them come alongside.

Abner Taft and his mates had fallen into the fate they so bitterly and justly dreaded.

They were in the merciless clutches of the British. Instantly they had mounted the sides, they were summoned to the quarter-deck, and confronted with the English captain, a heavy, dissipated-looking man, whose red face vied with the scarlet splendors of his uniform. Captain Scott, commanding the sloop-of-war *Tartar*, a ship carrying sixteen guns and a nominal crew of two hundred men, had an unenviable reputation even among his brother officers for brutality.

The legend preserves some record of the interview between the captor and his victims, as they stood before him with stern and surly looks, which they were either unwilling or unable to subdue into the semblance of submission.

"D—d rebel spawn, I'll warrant!" said Captain Scott; "who are ye?"

"Fishers from Marblehead, driven to sea by the storm," said Abner Taft, in slow, full tones, and the peculiar accent which marked the speech of his native town, so different from that of the rest of Yankee-land.

The characteristic intonation struck the ear of the British captain, as he peered keenly and suspiciously in the faces of his victims.

"Englishman, by G—d," said he; "no cursed rebel Yankees ever talked like that. Pass the word forward for the bo'son; he'll know 'em down to the very shire and village."

The bo'son, a weather-beaten old salt, with a villainous face, who had been one of the most cruel and unscrupulous crimps in Plymouth, and was a sort of humble edition of his chief, came aft.

"Ah, ha! bo'son, here's a good, fat piece of work cut out for you and your mates with the cat," roared the commander. "Look at these d—d scoundrels, Englishmen, deserters from the colors of their king. They'd pass for Yankees; but I know the breed too well. Talk to 'em and let's know what part of Old England they hail from."

"Ay, ay, your honor; I know 'em by the very cut of the jib!" answered the petty officer, scraping and pulling his topknot to his superior.

The men of Marblehead saw the trap into which they had fallen, and obstinately refused to answer any further questions. Seeing nothing but death before them, they were going to die grimly and silently.

"Away with 'em to the gangway and trice 'em to the grating!" shouted the English captain, with a volley of oaths, infuriated by the dogged disdain of the prisoners. "Give 'em four dozen apiece, and with a right good will, too, or you and your mates shall take their places. To-morrow, it will be a matter of the yard-arm."

The bo'son executed his mission with a cruel delight, and the crew were mustered to witness the savage torture, as the blood spurted on the naked backs from the strokes of the terrible cat.

The unfortunate men were taken below and put in irons, expecting next day to be executed on the pretext which had been so unexpectedly raised by their brutal captor. His comrades had winced under the fierce torment of the cat, but the blows had fallen on Abner Taft's herculean shoulders as on cold, impassive marble. Not a sound from his

lips, nor a quiver in the flesh; only a cold, quiet look in the eyes, full of some strange meaning.

The three fishermen owed their lives to the fact that the Tartar was at that time somewhat short-handed. She had taken several prizes, and crews under the command of petty officers had been detached for the captured vessels. Her ordinary complement of hands was thus cut down more than a third. Captain Scott and his junior officers, in discussing the fate of the prisoners that night, concluded to postpone their purpose of execution. They could be used to advantage in working the ship for the present, and by-and-by they might be tried by court-martial. So Taft and his two comrades were released from the calaboose, and assigned to duty, though strictly watched for some weeks. This sharp surveillance, however, gradually wore off in view of the apparent submission and good behavior of the men.

The British navy at that period was largely supplied with sailors through the operations of crimping agents, who seized and carried off men by armed force—a species of kidnapping tacitly countenanced by the government. Naturally, therefore, there were many sour and discontented spirits in the navy. Abner Taft was not long in discovering that there were many mutinous and disaffected men on board. Cautiously he sounded them, and at last had fifteen men, whom he believed he could trust, pledged to stand by him. The Tartar, since the taking command by Captain Scott, had become generally known as "Hell Afloat," and the conspirators seemed to feel that, in case of failure, execution was but little worse than life under such a brutal tyrant.

Circumstances conjoined in favor of the plot of these three stern and daring hearts of Marblehead, which was to be alike a piece of superb personal vengeance, and a great patriotic service. Abner Taft, who conceived and organized the enterprise, had instructed his helpers to secrete food about the decks, and to hold themselves ready to await his signal. Accident, too, had placed the eighteen conspirators in the same watch, and, had it not been for this mere chance, it seems difficult to understand how such a plot could ever have been successful.

They had waited wearily for several weeks for an opportunity which should warrant them in striking the blow. Fate at last smiled on them.

One gusty November night, Captain Scott and his officers were indulging in a carouse of unusual extent. The crew had been severely tasked for several nights, as the weather had been severe and tempestuous, and slept deeply. No better time than this to consummate the project. One of the plotters stole forward, and slipped into the hold, where he lit a bundle of oakum which had been provided. The cry of fire was sounded on deck, and a portion of the watch above rushed below to extinguish the flames. Instantly Abner Taft and his seventeen co-conspirators sprang like tigers on the rest of the watch. Some were stabbed straight to the heart with long clasp-knives; some were strangled with a fell, deadly grasp; some

were hurled overboard into the seething foam. The gigantic Marbleheader flung three men over the rail as if they had been infants. No sounds were heard, so swift and pitiless was the execution, except some terrible gasp or hiccough of a dying wretch. In a moment Taft and his followers were masters of the decks. Instantly the hatchways and cabin were closed, spiked fast, and barricaded. The deck-carronades, which were always kept loaded, were dragged into position, so as to command all avenues of egress for those confined below. While cannoners stood by the pieces with lighted linestocks, the rest of the mutineers proceeded to get the vessel about.

Abner Taft jammed the helm hard up and lashed it fast, while he ordered the men to let go the lee-braces and square the yards. The head of the gallant vessel sped off rapidly, and soon she headed northwest. As the daring ringleader afterward said, with an unseemly profanity, he was bound either "for hell or Boston harbor."

In the mean while, the crew below had extinguished the fire after a hard fight, but found themselves imprisoned, while the mysterious noises on deck told them of some remarkable event having transpired. At first, Captain Scott and his lieutenants, in the stupidity of their debauch, had failed to notice the strange events going on above them, but noise of the hammers spiking the hatches, the rolling of the carronades, and the flapping of the yards, impressed at last their drunken senses with the alarming truth. With the instincts of discipline and obedience, the crew, in their alarm and amazement, waited for orders from their superiors.

They had not long to wait. Captain Scott, though a tyrant, lacked neither courage nor energy. With a torrent of fierce imprecations, he ordered his men to cut their way out to the decks. While the axes were plied furiously, a stern voice above was heard ringing out like a trumpet of doom:

"Keep down below for your lives! There be six cannon-mouths guarding th' hatches," said Abner Taft.

"I'll cut every bit of flesh off your bones, you devils!" shouted the English captain, foaming at the mouth with rage. Again, to his imprisoned men: "Cut, cut for your lives!"

The axes flew in the hands of the English, and soon they had chopped the hatches in fragments. As they thronged up, the carronades were discharged at close range, and an awful silence followed, broken with low moans. The slaughter had been fearful. The hatchways were again closed and fastened. Three different attempts were made by the English crew to break forth, attended with similar results. In one of these Captain Scott and his officers succeeded in escaping from the durance of the cabin, and, stung into a reckless fury, charged with sword and pistol on the fierce band that held the decks.

Abner Taft met his chief persecutor, cutlass in hand, and a sharp, short combat was ended by a terrible stroke, which beat down Captain Scott's guard and clove his head to the very jaw. Those bloody stripes were at last avenged! The other officers shared a like fate, as they fought with a dogged cour-

age that refused quarter. But why prolong the bloody and monotonous record, and describe the fruitless efforts of the English crew to recover the advantage?

Suffice it that Destiny smiled, as she so often does on deeds of apparently-hopeless daring, on the exploit of the Marblehead hero and his followers. The winds were fair and light, so that there was not much difficulty in working the ship, and all things conspired to the hoped-for end. Abner Taft had laid the ship's course as nearly as possible for Boston, and his fishing experiences had made him familiar with the Massachusetts waters.

So, at the end of the second day from the uprising, the good townsmen of Boston were amazed and alarmed at seeing a British sloop-of-war come into the harbor, the hated ensign flying at the fore. There were bustlings and congregations of fearful faces. There was still deeper amazement, mingled with joy, when the union-jack was lowered and the American flag went to the fore in its stead, for the Marblehead men had improvised national colors from old bunting. There were bonfires, and ringing of bells, and almost frantic rejoicings over the hero of Marblehead, and he and his two comrades were escorted to their native town by a great procession. He had fulfilled his promise to his beautiful wife Martha, to come home again before she had all the apples strung for the winter's use.

The silent influence of this magnificent act might easily have had a most potent effect in stimulating the legislation which looked toward the founding of our infant navy. There is, however, no record or allusion to it in the public annals. The tradition says that Abner Taft afterward commanded a privateer, but his name is unknown except by those who have heard the oral legend. His after-career, however, must have been a daring and heroic one, and borne splendid if unrecognized fruit. It is but another illustration of the thought of the poet in apostrophizing the unknown great, and to which I alluded in the first part of this sketch:

"Their nameless deaths are not Fate's scornful
mocks
At human fame: her dubious forecast always
tries
Much modeling in clay ere carving marble demi-
gods
That through the realms of time and space Ti-
tanic loom."
G. T. F

THREE VISITS TO ARLINGTON.

I FIRST saw Arlington in the spring of 1848. A party of us, including a woman of much distinction in the literary world, a poetess, who is since dead, were taken by the invitation of a senator and his wife to drink tea, one evening in May, with the Custis family.

A number of young ladies, who, doubtless, had penitential thoughts over the hearts broken during the winter, and who had trimmed their hats with grass and straw, like *Ophelia*, and had clad themselves in muslin, which floated in the wind, were of the com-

pamy, and rather pensively joined a party which seemed at first to be a retreat into the past rather than an advance into the future, that land which, to them, was far more full of enchantment. But the senator promised them rose-buds *ad libitum* from the gardens of Arlington House, and innumerable violets and anemones from the woods. No one who did not know Washington before the war can realize what a Vallombrosa surrounded it then. Half an hour's drive from the Capitol brought you to tangled thickets, unbroken shady groves, which in spring were vocal with singing-birds. The military necessity which required the felling of these forests has deprived the lovers of the period of some enchanting drives which the lovers of the past enjoyed. The tropics are not more full of vines, hanging their jeweled blossoms from the branches of sweet, fragrant, and beautiful wild-flowers, than were those Washington woods.

The poetess, a quiet woman in general society (with the prettiest hands in all the world), expanded into talk under these influences. The day was simply perfect—about the middle of May—and warm for the season. She had left ice and snow at her northern home to find spring far advanced in the southern latitude. She had a wonderful knowledge of the old poets, and a memory most surprising in its aptitude. As we entered the woods of Arlington, she repeated for us Constable's beautiful pastoral:

"Diaphenia! like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily!
Heigh-ho! how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!"

"Diaphenia! like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets incloses!
Fair sweet! how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

"Diaphenia! like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed!
Dear joy! how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king,
Then, in requite, sweet virgin, love me!"

Well, the wise and foolish virgins, who were sighing over the past gayeties of their Washington winter, had heard nothing so good as that. No lover's talk of the present is as good as that which these old English poets and dramatists had at their tongue's end. We of the straw-hats began to think that our expedition was a success, particularly as the beauties of the scenery began to break through the openings in the woods.

We were received on the stone piazza of Arlington House by Mrs. Custis herself, a delicate, colorless old lady, with the most perfect manners possible. They were the courtly manners of the old school, informed and filled with the graces of a good heart, and a beautiful, womanly mind. One of her friends said of her: "She has not even a virtue to excess, although she is all virtue." Her daughter, Mrs. Lee, was with her, not then, as she afterward became, the mistress of the house. Mrs. Lee had fine dark hair, which she wore in the style of one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits, carelessly ar-

ranged, and she had the most expressive dark eyes—together the face of an enthusiast and genius. I do not know that she was *either*, but she looked it. I do know that she was most kind to us, and was genuinely amused by our enthusiasm over her rose-buds. She conducted us herself to the large, old, neglected, tangled, delightful garden, and bade us pluck to our pleasure.

There are no such roses at the North as those at Washington. They grow, of course, farther South, with even greater luxuriance, but there is a sort of local, pink tea-rose there, which lives and blossoms almost through the winter in the open air, which is delightful, and, so far as I know, unique. I have plucked them in January, in the open air, in a mild winter, in Washington in the old time; but mild winters, like many other good things, seem now to have deserted Washington.

In honor of the poetess, tea was served in the Washington teacups, and all the old silver was brought out for our inspection. They went over—these patient ladies—for the one-thousandth time, the account of the miniatures on the walls; and the many important and valuable Washington relics were shown to us. Mrs. Custis was particularly attentive to the younger members of the party, that most admirable and enticing form of good manners at once the most difficult and most amiable—to remember the sensitiveness of the young, and to flatter and soothe it, without alarming the nascent dignity which strives to hide modesty and bashfulness under an assumption of courage and defiance.

These dear ladies knew well how to make their tea-table attractive, and it was growing dark as we took our departure.

In our final stroll through the woods, the poetess pausing a moment to look at the magnificent prospect, the far-winding Potomac, the Capitol, even then rising like an architect's dream, though not so majestic as it has since become, the fair city, all its defects hidden by distance—the interval of "boskages deep and waving greenery"—made a remarkable prophecy.

"It seems to me," said she, "that some day Congress will buy this spot, and make here a great national cemetery. How splendidly would rise here monuments to our dead legislators, our presidents, our philanthropists, our soldiers!" and she repeated J. Websters's "Land Dirge":

"Call for the Robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unbared men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence!"

Little did she think that, with the clairvoyance of genius, she was describing in exact words that field where were to be gathered the bones of "unknown soldiers," and that the Arlington Heights were to be broken up by the terrible ploughshare of civil war.

To us who early wandered in its delicious shades the use to which it has been put must ever cause a deep regret; but, when we com-

mence to think of our civil war, where shall regrets begin or stop?

We drove home to Washington laden with rose-buds, violets, anemones, and memories. We were to lose the former with other graces of youth, but the memories were to remain unfading flowers, growing brighter as Time robbed us of every thing else.

My next visit to Arlington was in the winter of 1849, and Henry Clay was of the party. Mr. Clay was at that time living at the National Hotel, which was the fashionable hotel of the period. It was filled with gay men and women, and was nightly the scene of an impromptu ball. The rooms were very comfortable, the parlors very shabby, the staircases very much begrimed, the door-handles very suggestive of negro waiters, the service very imperfect, and the dinners very good, thanks to the colored cooks. But there were intellect, genius, movement, in that house. There were talkers there, ay, and thinkers, too; much of the important political movement of the moment was hatched there, and no more intensely-guarded watch-tower of political wardship existed than Mr. Clay's parlor.

It was one of those winters when history was being made, as some wit said, "by the yard"—by the furlong he might better have said. General Taylor had been elected President of the United States, in the month of November, 1848. The tremendous acquisition of territory following the war with Mexico had, as President Polk's message stated it, "created a domestic question which seriously threatens to disturb the harmony and successful operation of our system." Mr. Polk thought, with many others, that "Congress ought not to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories, but that, if such legislation was to be had, it ought to be based on a recognition of the right of citizens of slave-holding States to carry their slaves with them into Territories acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole Union; and that, as the best adjustment between this claim of right on the one side and its denial on the other, the line of the Missouri Compromise ought to be extended from the western boundary of Texas to the Pacific, which would leave the Territories south of the parallel of 36° 30' with power to become slave-holding States if the inhabitants should so determine."

But why do I go back to the "irrepressible conflict?" why refer to that question which has since been put to the bloody "arbitrament of the sword?" Simply to clear the air, and to remember what we were thinking of and talking of in the winter of 1849 and 1850.

Mr. Clay, tired of the public table, had taken a private parlor, and caused his dinners to be served there. A choice few were invited often to dine there with him, and to listen to his wise, witty, and learned talk.

It was at this dinner-table that a party was formed to drive to Arlington on a certain Saturday, a day on which the Senate did not sit, and which would therefore give Mr. Clay a day of repose, which he very much needed.

He was, I think, at this time, about seventy years of age, and quite feeble. I remember that his faithful servant, "Jeemes," as he always called him, put a great many

wraps in the carriage, and begged of us to take good care of him. But, although the old man eloquent might be feeble of body, his mind was as clear as a diamond, and the fascination of his manner and expression was at its height. He told us all about Washington; how Mr. Taliaferro had held on to his property about the Capitol, thus keeping much valuable land out of the market; how Mr. Custis was doing the same—"a man worth millions, if he only chooses to sell; but he will not part with a rood of ground or a single stick of timber," said he, pointing with a long, lean finger to a crooked tree.

A few days before this drive, Mr. Douglas had introduced a bill for making the whole territory acquired by Mexico at once a State in the Union.

This led to that tremendous debate which those who heard will never forget, but which those who did not hear it will not care to hear referred to now, in which the "Little Giant," as Mr. Douglas was called, distinguished himself so greatly. Mr. Calhoun, that steel-clad knight, jumped often into the arena, running a tilt with everybody, and generally unhorsing his adversary, pronouncing the petition of the people of New Mexico "insolent," and using other incisive terms, which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. Of course, it was not etiquette for outsiders to attempt to lead Mr. Clay to talk politics. We waited, as people wait for kings to speak first, but some remark dropping from a Northern lady of the party who was an abolitionist, opened the floodgates of Mr. Clay's eloquence, and he gave us in that conversation almost the substance of the views which afterward took form in his "compromise" speech, delivered on February 5, 1850. I remember his using almost the identical words with which that speech (I think) begins, that "in the legislative bodies of the capital and of the States twenty-odd furnaces are in full blast, emitting heat, passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land."

"But," said the Northern lady, "do you think 'compromise' is the thing? You must remember, Mr. Clay, how deeply slavery shocks the religious sense of the North."

"And you must remember, madam," said he, "how powerful is its hold on the religious sentiment of the South. They regard the negro as an inferior being, put under their care by Divine Providence. They regard slavery as not only a social and political advantage, but as a religious obligation, and, if this agitation is kept up between the sections, it will simply drive a high-spirited people to desperation. They will fight 'for their altars and their fires,' and the gradual emancipation of the negro, which, God knows, I desire as much as any man, will be indefinitely deferred."

He said much more. There was such a grasp, a comprehensiveness, to his mind that it was almost impossible to argue with him, for he exhausted, not only his own side, but yours. Besides, however much we might disagree, it was not for us to talk, but to listen. A drive with Henry Clay was a thing which did not happen often in the life of a young person even in those days.

On arriving at Arlington House, we were this time received by Mr. Custis. He was a very great oddity—this step-grandson of General Washington—but full of amusing talk, reminiscence, and wit. He showed us the picture in the hall of their noble relative to whom Queen Anne had given a diamond snuff-box, with her portrait.

He holds the jeweled treasure in his hand, the beruffled, bewigged gallant of Queen Anne; and Mr. Custis remarked slyly, that although his ancestor had kept the portrait, he had sold the diamonds.

"The portrait, you know, was the most valuable," said he.

I heard at the time that there had been a coolness between Mr. Clay and Mr. Custis, and that this visit was considered as an offering of the olive-branch.

On our drive home Mr. Clay talked much of the naturalization frauds in New York, and of the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, which he thought had lost him his election in the previous presidential contest, when Mr. Polk was elected. The intimate knowledge he betrayed of these frauds, the readiness with which the names of men, and the dates, came to him, were almost miraculous for a feeble old man of seventy, coughing, and breathing with difficulty, and with a mind burdened with the memory of a life full of most exacting and bewildering political details. It seemed incomprehensible. It showed how deeply burned in, by grief and disappointment, was that second rejection by the people of Henry Clay as their President. It seemed astonishing to any one who saw Mr. Polk, a clever and amiable but not a great man, that he had succeeded where Henry Clay had failed. The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.

Mr. Clay had not his great rival's (Mr. Webster's) knowledge and love of literature. He was a natural genius, with wonderful political learning, singular acuteness, and great sympathy. He was always a charming talker, very graceful in his manners. In spite of his remarkable plainness of feature, and something almost grotesque in his figure, he was always admired and courted by women, and had had a reputation for gallantry in his early life, perhaps not undeserved. To the last he knew how to pay a compliment to a lady with old-fashioned courtesy, and with some Southern warmth in it. To men he was irresistibly fascinating; he had great power over any one who approached him, and a person who saw the interview between Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, on an evening of January in this memorable winter, when Mr. Clay called to consult with his great rival as to the best mode of action to settle the difficulties growing out of slavery, declared it to be, in his opinion, one of the finest exhibitions of "manner" ever seen between two English-speaking men.

For the two men did not love each other. They had never been friends since their great rivalry began for the presidency. Their intercourse, strictly courteous, was always most formal.

Mr. Clay was now very old and feeble, much older than Mr. Webster. How grand it was for the dying patriot to forget the sorrows, disappointments, and differences of a

lifetime, to crawl to the door of the man who might live to be President, and to beg of him to help him to save the country from the horrors of disunion! How plainly those two great seers saw all that we since have suffered, and are yet to suffer!

Mr. Clay was curiously incapable of a correct quotation. There was a story which he was fond of telling of himself, in regard to this want of memory. He said he wanted to quote Shakespeare's line—

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;"

and being sure that he should not get it right, he asked a friend to bring him the book. So a copy of Shakespeare was brought down from the library and placed on his desk, and he read it over two or three times. But hurried on by the tide of his eloquence, he forgot all about the book, and came out boldly with the remark that—

"A rose will smell sweet call it what you will!"

Two or three summers before this, Mr. Clay had been at Newport, of which place he was very fond, enjoying the bathing much, and looking an extraordinary long ghost as he went in, in his white bathing-dress, but he got very tired of the persecutions of the crowd; people would push around him on the beach, at the hotel, and ask him all sorts of questions. One free and independent citizen asked him at the public dinner-table, one day, why he never brought Mrs. Clay to Washington.

"Mrs. Clay is much happier on her farm in Kentucky, and dislikes the social responsibilities of Washington," answered Mr. Clay, with great dignity and politeness.

"Are you sure that's the reason, old man?" returned his witty and respectful interlocutor.

To such insults and to such vulgarity have the distinguished public men of this country ever been subjected. It is not strange that gentlemen have more and more retired from an arena where the reward for an unselfish devotion to one's country has been the right to receive such an insult as this!

Finally, after Mr. Clay would get tired of hand-shaking, staring, curiosity, and questioning, he would lock the door of his bedroom, after retiring thither, leaving *Jeemes*, his colored servant, to receive the public, which *Jeemes* did very well, and no doubt enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Clay wrote a neat and beautiful hand, compressing much on the page. His elegant frank was in great request, and he liked to be asked for it. The story ran, however, that he got a little tired of one lady, who asked for it too often, and to cure her of her presumption he wrote, "Yours devotedly, H. Clay," thus spoiling her letter for the post-office. But her woman's wit got the better of him, for she had the letter framed, and declared that she should show it to her grandchildren as a proof that Mr. Clay had been in love with her.

Mr. Clay's great speech on February 5, 1850, was a superb proof of what an unconquerable will can do with a failing body. To be sure, his voice had lost that music which had once been its unrivaled possession, but his eloquence had not lost its fervor. That powerful grasp of his subject enabled him to

hold all who heard him enchained. It was the last great act of his life, and it was worthy of all that had preceded it in its intensity and industry.

On the last day of March of this memorable winter (a winter which, as inaugurating a great national excitement, and marked as it was by the intellectual efforts of at least four of our oratorical giants, and by the death or retirement of two of them, seems to have dwarfed all subsequent senatorial exhibitions) died Mr. Calhoun. It was an event fraught with historical interest, and of moment to Mr. Webster and to Mr. Clay.

The public who had crowded the Senate to hear Mr. Webster's 7th-of-March speech had been impressed by Mr. Calhoun's dying face—it was his last appearance. Both Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster made eulogies on him which have become standard in our literature. Mr. Webster said of his eloquence: "It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise, sometimes impassioned, still always severe. . . . Who did not feel in seeing him that we saw before us a senator of Rome when Rome survived?"

The third time I went to Arlington was in the spring of 1870. The violets were making purple the graves of "unknown soldiers," and down in the woods I found the anemone, the dog-tooth violet, the lady's-slipper, the fringed polygala, the hepatica; Nature was repeating herself with immortal precision and beauty. From the height I saw a new and splendid city arise, and a glorified Capitol, larger, grander, than the one I saw rising over the same scene twenty years before. I thought of the great men who were associated with these memories, how they had worked in bitterness and unrequited effort to prevent that conflict which their prescience saw, but which others were not gifted to see. I thought of the hospitable and amiable family who had entertained me in those now deserted halls—some of them gone to their rest, and some in exile. They were of those to whom the war of civil war came, even to their hearthstone, and early, too.

As I looked back to the winter of 1850, and forgot all that had passed between, I seemed to hear a great voice crying in the Capitol: "Peaceable secession! No, sir; no, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in the heavens what that disruption itself must produce: I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe in its twofold character!"

And then I remembered the unconscious prophecy of the poetess:

"... with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men!"

and I stooped and dropped my gathered violets and anemones on the sod which covered a soldier who had died that I might live in peace and happiness in the new and reconstructed land; and I thought of the legends old and new, sacred and profane; and of the experiences past and present, national and individual, which teach us that there are some truths, and that there is some knowledge, and some revelation, which only come to us over a grave. X.

THE LESSON.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."]

A VILLAGE school-room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery;
The dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sum of his spirit sharp and keen,
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low;
And some, like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some unco' dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron-streamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this galkit class?"
The dominie sighed awa'ry.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't, then, my dearie!"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want ye to show me the meaning plain
O' patience; sin' ow'r an' ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roguish twinkle, soberly said:
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

MARY B. DODGE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN Mr. Julian Hawthorne's charming "Saxon Studies," from which we have repeatedly quoted in our "Miscellany," there occurs a passage deprecating the cultivation of trees within the limits of a city. Describing the Dresden market-places, he says:

"Every square foot of them is solidly paved; no inclosed grass-plots, no flower-beds, bushes, or trees, are allowed. If you want such things, go where they are to be had; but when you enter the city make up your mind to city and nothing else. I confess a decided preference for this arrangement over that which prevails in American and English cities—the forcing scraps of country into the midst of every chance gap between the houses. Setting aside the question of hygiene, the effect of such violence done to Nature must be depressing to every one capable of being depressed. Could there be imagined two more irreconcilable elements than trees and brick-walls? unless it were flower-beds and street-pavements? The houses, being in the majority, put out the trees; the trees, so far as they have any efficacy at all, satirize the houses."

If we assume that Mr. Hawthorne is in earnest here, we can but express surprise at the opinion advanced. For, assuredly, the glimpse of houses through the openings of foliage is a picture that always charms the eye, and one which painters are never wearied of reproducing on canvas. Except where an artist is specially painting trees as studies, he puts himself at great pains to bring in some quaint old gable, or cluster of chimneys, or

tiled roof, as a foil to the green leaves of his trees. And in cities an avenue lined with trees has always a refreshing and pleasing aspect, let the buildings be even insignificant or commonplace. This fashion is almost peculiarly American. We find it on the Paris boulevards, but very rarely elsewhere. London has innumerable small inclosures of trees and shrubbery, sometimes of the nature of small parks, at others of front yards to houses; but curb-stone trees, forming long, arched avenues, there is no instance of, we believe. And it is difficult to understand how we, who are familiar with this most agreeable feature, could ever permit a street to be constructed without it. One has only to note some of the squares in the newer portions of New York to see that long rows of architectural piles without the relief of trees are monotonous, heavy, and depressing. The architecture of Nature always comes in contact with the architecture of man with charming, and sometimes with superb effect. At the famous Louvre, in Paris, there is one immense inclosure that is bare of every thing. The four sides are lined with the palace buildings, and that is all there is to be seen. The beauty of the architectural piles is in itself insufficient; the effect is monotonous and dead. But, as one wanders over the grand spaces and through the numerous inclosures of the palace, he comes at one place all at once upon a small court filled with trees and shrubbery, and the effect is immediately enchanting. So far from "the houses putting out the trees, or the trees satirizing the houses," they here supplement each other to the supreme advantage of the beauty of each—as, indeed, they always do. We hope we shall always in this country adhere to our early example, and multiply trees and green things in our cities rather than permit them to decrease. We cannot understand how one who has once enjoyed the charm of a tree screening his window with its green leaves, could ever be willing to forego it. The light that comes flecked and broken into his apartment, sifted through the little green banners that flutter and tremble without, is wonderfully softer and sweeter than that which pours through unscreened glass, let it be ever so richly curtained within. That trees harmoniously adjust themselves to our towns we discover when we walk in their grateful shade on summer days; when we watch the long, green avenues of interlocking branches, so cool in shadow and pleasantly broken with lances of light; and when sitting at our window we watch the leaves catching the sun-rays here and there in glorious bits of light, and note the soft tone that our apartments take from this outside net-work of greenery. A town well filled with trees is a charm to eye and taste, even if it stands without monuments of brass or stone, without statues of bronze or marble, without piles of aspiring architecture.

Ys copy, in the department of "Miscellany," the larger portion of an article from the London *Spectator*, devoted to the consideration of the morals of cheapness. The writer claims that, while cheapness in products may often be hurtful to art, there is no justice in the common accusation that it is an injury to morals, provided there is entire frankness on the part of the producer. It seems to us that there is a great deal of truth in the *Spectator's* views. The effect of cheapening devices in manufactures as a civilizing force has never, we believe, been considered; and yet there can be little doubt that, as a means for improving the condition of the lower classes, of affording them comforts and conveniences, of inspiring them with an ambition for higher conditions of living, the arts that cheapen have exercised an immense influence. The rich are very apt to feel a lordly contempt for those devices which imitate the substantial objects in their homes, but there is no principle in morals which asserts that, if a man cannot own a rosewood bedstead, he should not endeavor to gratify his eye and taste with something that resembles rosewood; and there are many philosophical reasons why he should do so. A woman may not be able to hang costly laces at her window, but the imitations of lace that are procurable for a small expenditure are as pleasing to her as the rich stuffs of her wealthy sister; and, being as pleasing, they increase her love for her home; they inspire an ambition to have slightly chambers; they induce efforts to make other things in the apartment consonant in cleanliness and neatness; they, in brief, tend to lift the occupants from the domain of the shabby and slovenly into that of taste and refinement. If the poor are to be forbidden carpets, lace curtains, neat furniture, silver forks, table-linen, etc., unless they can afford them of real or solid material, it is obvious that this class are cut off from nearly every hope of making their homes inviting. It is quite the fashion now among certain over-mathetic people to denounce machine-made furniture. No doubt opportunity for individual taste and invention is much more abundant in hand-made articles; there is more feeling, more thought, more ambition; but must the whole mass of underpaid people suffer deprivations in order that a few art-folk may be gratified? It is assuredly vastly better that a graceful form should be indefinitely multiplied, should enter many households to the felicity of their inmates, rather than be produced by a slow and costly method, to remain the pleasure of one person alone. There is a presumption in the argument of some dilettant-folk that is simply amazing—as if all the interests of life must be surrendered to a notion in art. It may almost be assumed that the spirit of civilization has been rendered possible alone by devices for cheapening products—although each device, as it

comes into existence, has to fight its way against the derision, contempt, and even resentment of a powerful class. Great was the scorn of the high ones when linen paper came in as a cheap substitute for parchment; great is their scorn when paper made of cotton-rags is offered as a cheap substitute for that made of linen! And yet it was solely by means of paper of linen that the multiplication of books by the printing-press was rendered possible; and exceedingly limited now would be the circulation of books if they could be printed only on paper made of linen. This one instance illustrates fully what we mean. The arts that cheapen render possible extensive duplication, and are the sole means of bringing objects of a civilizing character to the multitude. That these arts sometimes cater to a vulgar taste, that they sometimes inspire a love of cheap finery and promote the diffusion of false ideas, that they are not always in the interest of true economy—in short, that, like other mundane things, they have their disadvantages, we do not deny; we are simply pointing out to a class of exclusive persons—the mass of people need no instruction in the matter—that certain much-scorned operations of our civilization have a supreme utility, despite all the evils which they may cause or foster. Imitation in the arts, under certain restrictions, is legitimate, useful, civilizing, and, for the great multitude, necessary.

Two or three angry papers have recently come from magazine-writers in regard to the sins of the critics. We do not see that criticism is so reckless and unjust as these articles declare. The truth is, that in a very great majority of instances the opinions of critics upon a work of art are just, and in many of the instances where criticism has failed to measure acutely and accurately the quality of any book, picture, or poem, the subsequent opinion of mankind has shown the error to have been on the side of mercy. Is there any poet, novelist, painter, composer, or other producer in art, whose genius, having been acknowledged by the world, has not also been acknowledged by the critics? Is it not commonly true, indeed, that the genius of a new artist, or the merit of a new production, gets its first recognition from the critics? There have been, it is true, exceptions; but absolutely it may almost be claimed that in no direction of intellectual effort have there been fewer mistakes than in criticism. Some of the critics made a serious mistake when Longfellow's "Hiawatha" appeared; but, as a whole, criticism detected and proclaimed the genius of this poet—as it did that of Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Irving, Cooper, Motley, Prescott, and many others of our American writers. We all may point out how the fame of certain authors has been greatly aided by generous criticism, but can we point out a writer who languishes under

unjustly depreciative criticism? If one chose to gather together instances of unfairness, he would be enabled, perhaps, to make a strong showing; but a similar marshaling of instances where the critic's acumen, and insight, and generous sympathy, have launched an author, as it were, upon a "sea of glory," would be found to be far more numerous. Just as some persons imagine every favorable opinion must be a puff, others assume that every unfavorable opinion is inevitably an injustice; whereas the favorable and unfavorable opinions of critics are altogether more honest, just, and discriminating than the crude expressions that one hears uttered on every hand in private circles. When a man feels hugely aggrieved at some public utterance on a production of his own, and begins to declaim against the critics, let him reflect how very little he differs from the majority of those critics in their opinion of the productions of others, and pause to inquire whether, after all, the much-denounced judgment may not be a sound one.

THE vanity of human ambition, and the homilies of the preacher about the inability of fame or riches to confer happiness, were never more strikingly confirmed than in the person of the most eminent political personage now living. One would think that Nature and fortune had conferred every thing on Prince Bismarck calculated to afford him boundless content, proud retrospect, and the serenity of happy satiety. He may plume himself upon the conceded fact that, of all men living in the possession of power, he is the chief; if there be a world-mover in this generation, it is he. A word from him would set a legion of a million and a half of the best soldiers on the globe in motion; in one hour he is impressing his will on foreign courts, in the next he is waging a successful fight against the still mighty spiritual forces of Rome. Czars and kaisers are even seeking to conciliate him. Wealth he has, and might have as much more as he wished, for German gratitude to him who has made Germany a nation has no bounds. He has more than won the highest rank to which subject or statesman could aspire. He is blessed with a devoted family, whom he loves, and who idolize him. In Berlin he is greater than the emperor; in Pomerania he is a feudal despot who needs no law to enforce his authority, whose yoke is accepted by the ardor of veneration. Yet Bismarck, according to a Berlin letter-writer, is one of the unhappiest and most discontented of men. He is harassed by the opposition of the spectacled doctors of the Reichstag; the petty details of office worry and fret him; chronic illness too often paralyzes his vast powers of body and mind. Every day's mails bring him letters threatening his life; and these tease though they do not frighten him, as a sick lion is teased by the perpetual biting of very

small insects. The police tell him to be careful; he lives ever in a sulphurous atmosphere of vague danger. Even power has grown nauseous to him, and adulation has ceased to give its sweet sting of pleasure. He longs to abandon the scene of his triumphs and his troubles—to get away from all this worry; will gladly let his name pass out of men's mouths if he can but get peace; and would fain exchange those things for which men so keenly envy him, for the vines and fig-trees of remote Varian.

Good air is quite as essential to the enjoyment of the drama as a good play. A badly-ventilated theatre becomes a place of torture by the middle of an ordinary tragedy; well-ventilated theatres are not easy to be pointed out anywhere, and are rare achievements of architecture. They are commonly built with superior, if not exclusive, regard to the possibility of making every inch of the space pay its tribute; in some of the best theatres one is cramped at the elbows by too close neighbors, and at the knees by the seats in front. Of course, the closer a theatre is crowded, the worse its stifling air, and the greater need of that as yet undeveloped science, the art of ample ventilation. A St. Petersburg worthy has devoted himself to this subject with a zeal which promises good results. In experimenting upon the air of crowded theatres, he finds that the temperature rises every quarter of an hour. On one occasion he found that the thermometer stood at 64° when the curtain rose; at the end of the first act it was 75°, and in the interval between the first and second acts it went up two degrees. Humidity in the theatre rose thirty per cent. in two hours; toward the close of the evening it was eighty-five per cent, while the air contained six times too much carbonic-acid gas, a state of things calculated to impress the merest tyro in physics with the poisonous nature of the theatrical atmosphere. Of course the theatre is more liable to the creation of noxious air than any other public hall, owing to the uses of sulphur and other appliances on the stage, and because of its more compact arrangement. We are becoming a more devoted theatre-going people every year, and the subject of the ventilation of our theatres is one of grave importance. That pains should be taken to give pure air to the pleasure-seekers is a point that the press and the public should strenuously insist upon.

Mr. BERGH will no doubt bestir himself anew in the cause of our dumb fellow-creatures, when he hears of the development recently made in England concerning "vivisection." The carving up alive of animals in medical schools, for the purpose of illustrating anatomy and physiology to students, has become, it appears, "the every-day exercise of physiologists throughout Europe and

America;" and a certain number of imaginative gentlemen in England—among them Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning—have petitioned to have this cruelty stopped. It is not a question of whether vivisection should be performed for the purposes of sincere scientific inquiry and effort of discovery. Few can doubt that, if important practical knowledge, in the case of serious human maladies, can be ascertained even by this hideous torture, it is in so far justifiable. But vivisection for the mere purpose of illustrating principles already well known—merely to make clear the meaning of the lecturer—is an act which should be stopped at once. It is an unnecessary infliction of what is at best horrible cruelty. The students may be trusted to accept the undisputed maxims of physical science, without demanding so savage an illustration. Here is a good field for Mr. Bergh's efforts; one in the pursuit of which he cannot fail to receive the hearty encouragement and coöperation of the public.

A CORRESPONDENT writes sanctioning what we recently said about catching cold, but thinks we did not enumerate all the precautions that should be taken. Very likely not. We had no thought of writing an infallible guide in the matter, but only broadly to assert that it is entirely possible for men and women to escape catching cold if they would only use a small degree of gumption. Our correspondent thinks that food, quantity and quality, have much to do with the susceptibility of the system to colds. It is indisputably true that an under-fed person must be peculiarly liable to colds, or one who is exposed to changes of the atmosphere at a time when his stomach is empty. But rules may be multiplied in detail to almost any extent, while the whole matter may be compactly put in a few broad generalizations—keep the system in good condition, avoid excesses of all sorts, be warmly clothed, and take care not to be exposed to sudden changes of atmosphere.

Literary.

THE thirteenth volume of the "International Scientific Series" treats of "Descent and Darwinism," and is from the pen of Professor Schmidt, of the University of Strasburg.* We do not pretend to review the book in this place from the point of view of the scientific reader; but the subject has gained more than a merely special interest, and any worthy treatise upon it has an absorbing attraction for those who, like ourselves, read it from the general student's reasons for investigation. In this view, any sketch of the special characteristics of each

* The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. By Oscar Schmidt, Professor in the University of Strasburg. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

new treatment of the topic is of value; and we shall endeavor to show the spirit and method in which Professor Schmidt undertakes his popular summary of the doctrine.

The general object that he proposes to himself is best shown in an early passage of the book: "Every one thinks himself capable of deciding about life; and since to non-scientific persons the notorious relationship with apes is the *alpha* and *omega* of the doctrine of descent; since the most confused heads are often most thoroughly convinced of their own preëminence, on no subject do we so frequently hear superficial opinions, mostly condemnatory, and all evincing the grossest ignorance. I wish, then, to render the reader able to survey the whole ramified and complicated problem of the doctrine of descent, and its foundation by Darwin, and to enable him to understand its cardinal points. But we must first dispose of a preliminary question of universal importance and special significance, which is frequently ignored by philosophical and theological opponents, that is, the question of the limits of the investigation of Nature. For if it were an established principle that the mystery of the living is different from that of the non-living; that the former might be disclosed, but that the latter is shrouded in a veil which can never be raised, as is even now so frequently asserted, then, indeed, all research directed toward the comprehension of life would be utterly vain and hopeless."

To this preliminary question, which we fancy most of his readers will regard as somewhat unnecessary in such a work, Professor Schmidt first devotes himself in the final paragraphs of his first chapter, and then enters fairly upon his subject:

"In order to approach the doctrine of descent, and to prepare for its necessity, we purpose next to pass in review a main part of its object—the present condition of the animal world in its general outlines." Beginning at the lower forms of life, Professor Schmidt conducts us from the consideration of structures in which the elements of life and organism are hardly recognizable, up to the most complicated arrangements of animal structure.

"The Phenomena of Reproduction in the Animal World" are next taken up. "The faculty of giving existence to new life is part of the evidence of life. A crystal does not reproduce itself; it can only be resolved into its elementary constituents; and, in the natural course of things, or in an artificial manner, these may be induced to form another crystalline combination. But this is not that continuity of reproduction which links individual to individual—is not procreation wrapped in a cloud of mystery." Professor Schmidt has thus fairly entered upon the main portion of the subject. A remarkably clear, succinct, and concise description is given here of the remarkable investigations, discoveries, and classifications of Haeckel, Stein, Von Baer, and others—a summary which almost startles the ordinary reader by its account of the gradual and wonderful penetration of these indefatigable workers into the very deepest mysteries of Nature's workings among the lower forms of animal life. Our

inability to give a sketch of such a chapter as that which Professor Schmidt here gives us results very naturally from the fact that he has himself put all his facts in the most condensed form possible, and that any sketch that would give a just idea of his summing up would of necessity be nearly in his own words; yet we cannot but regret that we must leave this portion of his book with so general a statement of its value.

The succeeding chapter discusses "The Animal World in its Historical and Paleontological Development," and, though necessarily more technical than what has preceded it, is scarcely less interesting. In a mere outline of Professor Schmidt's work, however, we prefer to pass on to a point which will attract wider attention—his discussion, in the fifth chapter, of the relations between "The Stand-point of the Miraculous and the Investigation of Nature"—between "Creation and Natural Development."

In beginning this he says: "We must take up a decided position without regard to consequences; as, after the discussion of the actual record of the animal world in its three aspects, namely, its present tenantry of complete forms, the evolution of the individuals, and the historical succession during the earlier periods of the earth's formation—after this superficial work of registration and enrollment, the actual study of our subject must begin. This is, however, the case only with those to whom the miracle of Creation is absolutely without existence; whereas any observer who regards any miracle, however slight, or any sort of disturbance of the order of Nature, as possible, must deem his science of biology complete with the erudition formerly propounded, and subsequently extended by countless items of special information. We cannot, therefore, do otherwise than give to Goethe's maxim, 'Belief is not the beginning, but the end, of all knowledge,' the interpretation that belief is incompatible with knowledge, and that hence belief in a creation of life is incompatible with the investigation of it."

As the "decided position" assumed by Professor Schmidt is sufficiently indicated by this extract, it may not be amiss to remind the reader here (though it should be unnecessary) that we are reviewing this work as an excellent presentation of the doctrines of a school, without expressing our own opinions of those doctrines. The author's assumption is unquestionably indispensable to the consideration of the subject of the chapter from his point of view; and from that point of view he proceeds to consider it with an ability that has little trace of a merely polemic spirit. In his review of the work and theories of Linnaeus, Cuvier, and others, one of the few evidences of this feeling is found in a passage concerning Agassiz. "Whoever," Professor Schmidt says, with some bitterness, "as Agassiz has recently done, ignoring any such researches" (as those previously referred to), "publicly asseverates that in no single case has the mutability of any species been exhibited, scarcely preserves the right to participate in the great controversy by which natural science is now perturbed."

But we must hasten on in our outline of

Professor Schmidt's course. His examination of the doctrine of miraculous creation is followed by chapters on attempts made to generalize, and on the great theories formed from the facts he has presented to us. The list of such theories, though confessedly incomplete, is long; and many world-famous names are included in the record of thinkers who have formulated them. Goethe's theory of Nature is first examined at considerable length, though Professor Schmidt disagrees with Haeckel in the opinion that Goethe "forestalled his age on the great question which forms the subject of this book, and deserves to be honored as the independent founder of the theory of descent in Germany." The theories of Owen, Lamarck, and Lyell, are next considered, and then the theory of Darwin is taken up.

From this point the book is devoted to a remarkably lucid and skillful summary of the Darwinian hypothesis. Artificial, unconscious, and natural selection (under these titles), are considered; the "struggle for existence;" the arguments for and against the doctrine of selection as a sufficient solution of the problems presented by animal nature—every point, in short, that pertains to the Darwinian theory, is taken up and discussed in such fashion as to present to the many who talk of it ignorantly an opportunity to derive a really intelligent conception of the argument, and to take away from them the frequent excuse that they have not time to gain a clear view of the whole because "the literature of the subject is so immense as to be only possible to be mastered by a special student."

And herein, in closing, let us point out the chief merit of the book. There has long been needed a summary, with sufficient authority in its author to render its justice as a statement beyond a doubt; with sufficient clearness to present the theory lucidly to the ordinary intelligent reader; and of sufficient brevity to satisfy layman as well as specialist. This Professor Schmidt has furnished.

A SELECTION of short stories by Mr. William Black* gives us new evidence of the great charm of that writer's healthful and pleasant prose. The same traits are obvious in this less important work that have attracted and delighted the readers of "A Daughter of Heth" and "A Princess of Thule." The bright, out-of-door atmosphere of the latter, especially, is the atmosphere of most of these stories also; and, indeed, the title-story of this collection has a closer resemblance than this to the history of our and everybody's favorite, Sheila. Its scene is the same quaint one, and even some of the characters of the "Princess of Thule" are alluded to in the course of its conversations.

Among the other stories in Mr. Black's volume, "Queen Tita's Wager" is perhaps the best, and "A Fight for a Wife" certainly the worst.

"A STRANGE WORLD," by Miss M. E. Braddon, is by no means a strange world to

* The Maid of Killeena, and Other Stories. By William Black. New York: Harpers.

those familiar with that lady's writings. On the contrary, it is quite the customary sphere into which she so expertly leads us; and we are rather glad, on the whole, to get out again. Far be it from us, however, to deny that Miss Braddon has greatly improved of late years; and her recent style, when compared with her former manner, shows evidences of real restraint. If she had not so much real cleverness, she never would or could have done so much harm; but it may also be looked upon as a consolatory side of the argument that, having so much cleverness, she may yet do some good. "A Strange World" is not a very decided step, yet the distance between it and "Aurora Floyd" is immense and consoling.

We had occasion to praise some time ago a capital little hand-book published by Messrs. Harpers, under the somewhat unfortunate and repellent title of "The Bazar Book of Health." This made the book, in the eyes of many who had not seen it, to be ranked with the swarm of volumes with somewhat similar titles, and perhaps carelessly set down as trash, when in reality it was, as we had no hesitation in saying, one of the very best popular manuals we have ever seen. We can now repeat this praise almost literally with regard to its successor—the "Bazar Book of the Household." Dealing with subjects on which tastes must always differ, it still supplies such a fund of sound common-sense on all of them that it is a really valuable little work. We should be glad to know the names of the authors of both these manuals.

MR. SAMUEL DRAKE is to give us a work on "The Nooks and Corners of New England." This is pleasantly suggestive of gossip papers and pictures of old-fashioned places and people, and Mr. Drake will do his task well. . . . Mr. Stedman says of Swinburne that "it is difficult for any one to write with cold restraint who has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and the practice which forces an artist to wonder at the lustre, the superb melody, the unrestrained fire and movement, of his imperious song." . . . Last week we intended to speak on Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind," but it was converted by the printer into "Light and Sound," the blunder being overlooked by the proof-reader. . . . The 10th of February was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Lamb, but the lovers of centennials must have overlooked the fact, as we hear of nothing having been done to commemorate the occasion. . . . A life of Lord Selbourne, minister of George III., is announced, which will throw light, it is said, on the negotiations with America that took place in Selbourne's time. . . . Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" have just been translated into French by Mr. John Roberts, with notable success. . . . The *Saturday Review*, in its notice of Mr. Kinglake, in his just-published volume of his history of the Crimean invasion, thinks that his "treatment of our allies is, from first to last, as unjust as his personal estimate of our own leaders is exaggerated." . . . "Mr. Tom Hughes," says the *Athenaeum*, "is preparing an article, to be called 'Parson Lot,' for *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is to be founded upon his own conversations with the late Canon Kingsley in the days when the latter first came into notice as

an author, and was counted a strong Radical." . . . "John Dorrien" is the title of a new novel in press, by Julia Kavanagh. . . . Christian Reid's "Hearts and Hands," which recently appeared in the JOURNAL, has been published in book-form. . . . Dr. Holland sets his lance against the "Indecencies of Criticism" in the last Scribner; it is good tit for tat. . . . "If nothing," says the *Saturday Review*, in its notice of the *Quarterly* article on "The Greville Memoirs," "is to be told which can be disagreeable to any person, or to the relatives and descendants of any person, there is an end of memoirs and biography."

The Arts.

THE METROPOLITAN LOAN-COLLECTION.

AT the Metropolitan Art-Gallery constant additions and changes are taking place in the loan-collection. Just now Story's "Semiramis" and a great canvas representing "The Arts," by Boutibonne, are the most striking new features. The "Semiramis" is a reclining figure much larger than life, in white marble, clad in light drapery. The face, set in ripples of heavy hair, is very grave, and of a more Oriental than classic type. The nose is slightly aquiline, and the forehead, low in the form of the skull, as much as from the hair growing down upon the temples, is drawn into a slight frown. A diadem crowns the head, and heavy bracelets encircle the firm, round wrists. At a first visit, we did not find the statue so impressive as a more upright attitude would have made it. Unless the points of a piece of sculpture are very salient, it is not always safe to pronounce judgment on it from one strong impression, but this statue appeared to us to lack variety. Unity, of course, in a work of art is of the first importance, but it seems to us hardly fair to characterize monotony as unity. The latter word applies in a higher sense to combined and subordinated details. In these details this statue seems defective. In the half lift of a figure there are some of the most powerful and impressive examples of all sculpture. The "Theseus" half risen is the foremost example of this attitude. The magnificent reclining "Fate" of the Parthenon is another. Besides these, we have fine examples in Michael Angelo's statues in the Medici Chapel. So, when one sees a figure of a great queen, like the "Semiramis," the comparison comes naturally into the mind. Every one familiar with the statues named above will recall the superb and beautiful detail of broken and varied forms of exquisite drapery in them. Also he will remember—or, indeed, if he has studied the statues deeply, the image is stamped into his mind—the spring, the lift, the weight, or the repose of limbs instinct with animation, as in the "Theseus;" the heavy, awful repose of the figure of the reclining "Fate;" and far off in a lesser degree the dead weight of sleep that, like a lethargy, enchains the "Evening" and "Night," silent as stones.

Contrasted with these statues, the "Semiramis" seems *dilettante* and like amateur

work, but the subject is one that challenges comparison. About the limbs of Mr. Story's statue one set of lines makes the folds of drapery, beneath which forms appear as flat and lifeless as themselves. And the long legs and arms give a weak, drawn-out look to a statue which was intended to be impressive. Nevertheless, in a worldly sense, the statue is an elegant one. Nobody but a cultivated and accomplished man could have made it. But the high demand an artist of such an ambitious subject should make upon himself seemed to us to be lacking. As an ornament for a drawing-room, the "Semiramis" would have elegance and charm. Gaslights and velvet hangings would adorn it; but it would hardly keep its place in a public hall, and still less in the open air.

Boutibonne's allegorical painting of "The Arts" was painted for the Vienna Exhibition, and decorated the pavilion of the Emperor of Austria, as says the description at its base. Figures hover in the air, presiding genii of smiths, jewelers, and various manufacturers. Some of the figures are well laid in, and, on the whole, the picture is quite a brilliant piece of scene-painting by one of the leading men of the French school.

SOME NEW PICTURES.

MANY of the New-York artists have interesting new works on their easels, and among the most prominent that have come to our notice is a delightful picture by Mr. S. R. Gifford, of Mount Rainier seen from Puget Sound. The picture is quite large, and the view, taken near sunset, shows a solitary, snow-covered dome rising high into a clear sky, while the lower forms of the mountain are outlined against the soft haze of a luminous atmosphere. Puget Sound, scarcely disturbed by a ripple, is crossed by two Indian canoes, which under Mr. Gifford's hand are as graceful as gondolas, though their wild occupants stamp the region as very far from a Mediterranean scene. To say that this picture is by Mr. Gifford, is to say to all who know any thing about American art that it is a most delightful interpretation of one of the finest points on the Pacific coast. The great blue shadow that lies on the side of the mountain; the clear, white snow in the cool upper sky; and the flush of rose-color and pale yellow that marks its lower forms, are full of soft harmony of color; and the wet, shining surface of the water is the same that one sees in Mr. Gifford's views of Italy and his scenes in Switzerland.

This picture has been purchased by an English gentleman who lives in Egypt.

Mr. Guy has some very good paintings of cabinet size at his studio. One of the best of these tells a little story, quite poetical of its kind. A small girl, poor and ragged, stands beside a few oranges in a basket, which rests on the ledge of a brick house, which she makes her simple fruit-stand. She is very pretty, and her small hands and arms are most exquisitely painted. Across the background behind her appear the wharves of the North River, and the slips crowded with shipping. Masts of vessels from all parts of the world rise above merchandise

of every sort, and the story is depicted of small and large trading. Each detail of this picture is pleasant to dwell upon, from the lovely round face of the little maid to the rusty old brick-wall on which her oranges are placed. And her shawl and torn dress, her toes sticking out of her old boots, and the pretty, hazy, forest of vessels, and their drooping sails and flags, make this a singularly pleasant little picture.

Another, "Picking Flowers in a Garden," represents a young woman in a clean alley of an American garden, as trim as our New-World villas are usually kept. Beyond the trees and shrubbery a roof of an American villa home of to-day is bright in a clear sunshine. As a phase of our present civilization the picture is valuable. This well-to-do country-house will give place to another style of building in fifty years, as these houses have replaced the plain, square country farmhouse of seventy years ago. This class of subjects is not so often painted by good painters as it ought to be. We have frequently spoken of the historical value of such pictures as Mr. Perry's interiors of old country-houses, and this by Mr. Guy seems to us as good in its way as Mr. Perry's. Well-painted pictures of such scenes will by-and-by have a charm as great as time now lends to Dutch gable-ends or the old Spanish buildings in Flanders.

MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, we learn from the *Academy*, has just completed two important works. The first is "Cleopatra meeting Mark Antony." The picture is oval, and contains only the life-size head and bust of the Egyptian queen in profile. She lies propped up with pillows, the erect vigilance of the head belying the assumed languor of the voluptuous limbs. Her breast is half covered by a tight robe of yellow silk, but neck, throat, and arm, are bare. All the accessories are chosen with suggestive reference to her life and royal dignity. Out of the masses of her black hair, over her forehead, rises the sacred asp, the symbol of her Egyptian queenship. Round her arm a golden serpent is wound, and from her ear hangs the famous pearl. A tiger-skin, marvelously rendered, seems to embrace her bosom, the head of the beast with its flattened features and blind eyes gazing with a sort of passion up into her face, this being designed partly to give roundness to the composition, partly to illustrate the thought that this woman's beauty was so all-powerful that even inanimate things were stirred by it. But the Cleopatra herself is the most consummate triumph of the whole. With the intense fire of her eye, constraining herself to be calm, she follows, she is supposed to have just fascinated, the eye of Mark Antony. She is balancing in her mind the power of her charms; the whole posture and expression reveal a sensuous woman of reckless and fascinating loveliness at the very moment of conquest; the hero is not yet at her feet, but the peculiar satisfaction of the lips, the peculiar glitter of the eye, show that she is certain of her triumph. The picture is painted in Mr. Alma-Tadema's brilliant way; nothing can be more dazzling than the skin of the queen—more radiant than her eye. The other new picture, "A Peep through the Trees," is in a style more customary in the painter's later works. It is an English landscape in July; a woman, robed in a long, soft garment of blue-gray,

with a pale-brown drapery rolled under her head, lies on her back in a beech-wood, gazing up between the boles of the trees to catch a glimpse of the sky between the leaves. The spectator has a quite different "peep through the trees." Through the trunks and over the brown grass and underwood he catches the full evening light of the sky, and a luminous line of meadow and plain far below. The composition is very sweet and harmonious.

A SPLENDID fresco of Orpheus charming the beasts of the forest has been brought to light in a recently-uncovered house at Pompeii. The figure of Orpheus, which is nude, is one of the most perfect as yet found. "In the grandiose but perfectly-symmetrical proportions of the limbs, the beauty of the face and head, and the power and calm abstraction in the expression and attitude, it has more of the divine than the human character." . . . *L'Art* is the title of a new art-journal in Paris. M. Eugène Véron is the editor. . . . It appears that, in the picture of "The Shadow of Death," Mr. Hunt has represented the Saviour as using his left hand to saw a plank, and this Mr. Hunt defends. He says: "To have made the Saviour saw with his right hand would have necessitated the separation of the two figures in the picture by the space required for the uninteresting mass of wood, which would thus have occupied the most precious part of the canvas." And, in order to avoid this, "I had only to trust to the spectator to imagine that, tired with his labor, the Saviour had stepped over the plank to approach his mother, or to see her, for the sun yet had to sink, and, recognizing that it was already late enough to prepare for the evening's relaxation and duties, that he had assumed the position which gave the most relief physically and mentally before turning to put away his tools." This defense is not relished by the critics, who think that it leaves a good deal to the imagination. . . . Mr. William Keith's "The California Alps," which is soon to be exhibited at Boston, is described by the *Overland Monthly* as a grand composition of mountain, forest, rock, and torrent, full of fine color and vigorous handling. . . . A marble statue of Venus has been discovered in the gardens of Mæcenas at Rome. It is spoken of as being superior to the Venus de Medici—newly-discovered statues are apt to be thus exalted—but it has, unfortunately, sustained injuries.

Music and the Drama.

A MUSIC-SCHOOL.

MUCH has been said and written within the last two years about the true relation of art-schools to æsthetic culture in America. While this relation has great possibilities of value, there is danger of its becoming a sham of the grossest sort. The endowment of art-schools has in it a certain prettiness of sound, and may be imagined to be very seductive to people of great wealth, who unite with art-taste a desire for the furtherance of culture. As an actual practical matter, however, it should be proceeded in with great caution. A great bane to American learning has been the large amount of money that has been frittered away in founding and helping so-called colleges and universities that are but a few removes above the ordinary academy. The number of half-fledged scholars, knowing

"little Latin and less Greek," and stamped "A. B." by the college-die, is legion. In the ordinary pursuits of life this evil in some measure tends to correct itself. Not so in the practice of art, which is largely a matter of absolute form. This is peculiarly the fact in music, which, of all the arts, is most independent of subject matter and material. Here the early schooling of the artist rarely fails to color radically all the results of life.

A pamphlet has recently been extensively circulated in New York, indicating the purpose of a gentleman of large wealth to endow a great music-school with the best professional talent in this country or Europe; connecting therewith an opera-house, wherein moral operas are to be represented, and a hall for general concerts. It seems, from the prospectus, that the scheme has so far ripened that the site has been selected and the plans drawn. This is sufficient earnest of good faith to make the scheme worthy of a few words of comment.

According to the prospectus, tuition is to be free, and the support of the institution to be derived from public performances and concerts given by the professors and more advanced pupils. The projector seems to think that the college "would possess within itself the very best talent in the world for public entertainments, and hence it would become one of the most popular of institutions."

These details sufficiently mark the purpose and plan of the projected school of music, which is to be erected on a scale so extensive, we are led to believe, as will cover the square at present occupied by the Hippodrome. All sincere lovers of art will feel interested in so large and comprehensive a scheme, but the more judicious of them will desire to see it carried out with a forethought and circumspection worthy of its aim. It would be saddening to see the waste of lavish means and generous purpose. The more lofty and liberal the design, the more prudent should be its execution. The gist of the matter, so far as relates to present comment, is the gratuitous nature of the instruction, and the design to let the income depend on the receipts from concerts, etc. A serious evil suggests itself immediately. Free schools and free colleges are necessary institutions, for these relate to the general preparation for the duties of life. As regards that kind of culture which is of a special technical kind, and designed mostly for those who have indicated a peculiar talent, the case is different. It is an old saying that the attainment of a desirable thing becomes possible in proportion as it involves labor and self-sacrifice. These not only test strength and staying power, but actually measure the force of intellectual impulse. In a branch of education designed to foster an exceptional talent, the truth gathers a deeper meaning. A young musician, believing himself to possess native gifts for the profession, will receive tenfold the good from a training which he has in some shape to pay for. Those who lack the race and backbone, will soon fall out of the order; and a conservatory, ambitious for the highest interests of the musical art, will be far better off without them. Such an institution ought not to aim to make simply good parlor and

church singers, or decent amateurs on the violin or flute, but thoroughly equipped and scientific musicians, inspired to do a life-work. Something more than an able professional corps is needed. That something is the atmosphere of hard work and earnestness, constantly surrounding the student and keeping him up to his highest tension.

Aside from this question of gratuitous instruction, for which, of course, there is something to be said on both sides, we very much suspect the practicability of supporting such an institution out of the proceeds of concerts and other performances. Conceding a large share of talent and technical skill to a reasonable number of "advanced students," it is doubtful whether these, reinforced by their professors, would suffice to constitute a steady public attraction. The standard of artistic taste has risen greatly within a few years, and people are disposed to pay their money only for money's worth. But few would attend a conservatory concert purely to help the institution. Unless such performances approached the measure of the best vocalists and orchestras which we are in the habit of hearing (a thing useless to expect), the results would be a double failure—for the trustees of the college and for the public. The alliance of the professors with the students as executants would hardly help the matter, for the most skilled and masterful teachers in art are not always the most effective artists.

These two objections, which are not the only ones that might be cited, are of sufficient gravity to weaken seriously the plan as thus far elaborated. If such a project is to be put on foot, it should be done with reference to the highest interests of art, or else cultivated people and practical musicians will view it coldly. The active sympathy of these two classes is of the utmost importance. Unless the new institution can be put on a footing with the best European conservatories, the money designed by our generous and musically-inclined capitalist for art would be better invested in soup-houses or hospitals. One more college of the same kind, however greater the scale, added to the throng of lame institutions scattered about the country, would hardly ripple the surface of true art-culture.

In the death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, art has met a loss which will be deeply and widely deplored. To a marked extent he might be called the representative man in the world of English music. He was still in the very prime of his powers, and his admirers had a right to expect from him something greater than he had yet accomplished, though it is some consolation to know that he left a large number of manuscripts which have never been given to the public. Strongly resembling Mendelssohn in the character of his genius, he had much of Mendelssohn's fastidious and painstaking conscience, and lingered over his work with an infinite and loving patience. The deceased composer was the intimate friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and both of these great men left numerous tributes to the genius and accomplishments of their English compeer.

The son of an organist at Sheffield, he became a chorister at King's College, Cambridge, at the age of eight years, and his genius so rapidly asserted itself that he was soon singled out to become a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music. His creative power displayed itself while still in the conservatory, and his earlier works for the piano, of which he became such a consummate master, written at this time, rank among his most striking productions. In 1836 he departed for Germany on an artistic tour, and created a sensation in the land of musicians *par excellence* little less than in England. The following extract, written by the great Schumann, will show the impression he made:

"How far this development" (his conservatory study) "was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music, under masters like Crotch, Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable work, I know not; I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower and now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands. A soaring spirit like this could not be contented to remain on its native earth without desiring to behold the land where its two greatest predecessors, Mozart and Beethoven, first saw the light."

Several of the young Englishman's works were performed at the Gewandhaus concerts under Mendelssohn's direction, and he himself was shortly afterward offered the permanent directorship, an unheard-of compliment to a foreigner. During the twelve years that succeeded, our master led a busy life in England, and honors came thick upon him. He was elected to the musical chair of Cambridge University, and was made conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts in 1855, after Wagner's disastrous failure. It is unnecessary to speak of the life he has led since. His symphonies, chamber-music, and piano-forte work, hold a high place in the literature of music; and his oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," and cantata, "The May Queen," are of the highest artistic excellence. Sir William Sterndale Bennett's genius was marked by grace, refinement, and sweetness, rather than by strength and depth. In scholarship and finish he ranks with the very greatest of the composers.

"THE BIG BOXANZA," at Mr. Daly's Theatre, is a bright and pleasant comedy. It is very far from having much strength or individual character, but it absolutely deals with familiar scenes in our New-York life without being altogether vulgar and imbecile; and this, in view of past local comedies, is a great deal to say. The story has for its main prop the following circumstances: A New-York broker is twitted by his cousin, who is a man of science and learning, with the brainless character of business pursuits. Any man of very ordinary intelligence, he declares, could succeed in Wall Street. The broker resents this criticism by returning to the hands of the professor his fortune, the care and investment of which had hitherto been intrusted to him (the broker); whereupon the man of learning accepts the challenge, declares he'll show

what a man of brains can do in Wall Street; rushes into speculation; gets hopelessly bewildered in stocks and other securities; and ends, as every one would foresee, in disastrous failure. Interwoven with the incidents of this slight plot are threads of two love-stories. There is some nonsense in the piece, but it is mainly of a bright and permissible kind. The characterizations are good. Mr. Fisher gives us a pleasant and accurate picture of the better class of New-York business-men; Mr. Lewis is excellent as the erudite professor struggling with new and complicated problems; indeed, the parts are generally well acted. But the mounting of the play is rather excessive in gilt and upholstery; and had a young lady actually gone in New York from the railway-station to her residence in a dress such as that Miss Davenport wore in a like journey, there would have been a sensation in the streets. If comedy is to be a picture of manners, nothing could be more inadmissible than this costume; and nothing more improbable than the circumstances under which this young lady makes the acquaintance of a young gentleman on the same occasion. The comedy is said to have a foreign basis; the local coloring is generally so good that one would not suppose this to be so; but are we to attribute the approximate absence of vulgarity and coarseness to this cause?

ENGLISH opera threatens to be the rage in England as well as in America. Mapleson, the great *impresario*, as well as Carl Rosa, is about to take the field with a superbly-organized company. The latter, also, if his own private letters can be trusted, intends to conduct a campaign in America, simultaneously. The sticklers for music in the vernacular will have enough of it next season, as, in addition to the Kellogg company and Carl Rosa's enterprise, a Strakosch organization is looming up on the horizon.

MME. LUCCA has learned an important lesson from her American experiences in taxing managers for her services. The frugal Germans wince, but the fair prima donna is inexorable. She recently received three thousand marks for one performance in Brunswick, as *Zelika*, in "L'Africaine."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

February 3, 1875.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Italian Opera in Paris has come to a definite and disastrous end. Although a sickly and exotic plant, requiring careful tending and favorable soil for even its most partial development, the slightest breath of chill or discouragement causes it to wither away, and it has met with not only a breath but a very blast of disaster. In the first place, the opening of the new opera-house drew the tide of fashion in another direction. In the second place, there was lack of singers. In the third place, and most fatal trouble of all, there was lack of capital. M. Bagier, the manager, brought to the execution of his difficult task two of the most important requisites for suc-

cess: a thorough knowledge of the requirements of his post, and a passionate love for music. Years ago he made a large fortune as an *agent de change*, and, lured by his taste for the opera, he became the manager of the Italian Opera in Paris. He brought together a company which was colossal in dimensions and unsurpassable in quality. All that taste and expenditure combined could effect was lavished on the production of the different operas. The shining lights in the galaxy of Italian song shed lustre upon the new enterprise. The opera-houses of Italy were ransacked for new and fresh attractions. The season closed in a blaze of glory, and M. Bagier found himself just three hundred thousand dollars, his entire fortune, out of pocket. Undeterred and undiminished by this past experience, he planned this season a musical enterprise on a colossal scale. It was no other than the reunion in one theatre and under one management of the Italian Opera and the Théâtre Lyrique Français. This last organization, originally founded by M. Carvalho, the husband of the celebrated vocalist Madame Meolan Carvalho, had long since ceased to exist, owing to the war and to financial troubles. It was the intent of M. Bagier to revive it, and to take possession of its *répertoire*, which contained several works of a high order of merit, and to play French and Italian opera on alternate nights, as soon as the completion of the new opera-house, and the installation of the opera therein, would leave the Salle Ventadour free for his sole occupation.

A less enthusiastic and more practical director would have shrunk from the idea of running counter to the overwhelming attractions of the new opera-house, but M. Bagier was confident of success. The season of Italian opera opened early in the autumn with a fairly-filled subscription-list and a good subvention from the government. The new prima donna, Madame Pozzoni, made a most favorable impression, and the first few operas were given in good style. Then, like a swimmer who has striven beyond his strength, the enterprise began to show signs of weakness, and to struggle for existence. Operas were advertised that never were performed, and singers were announced that never made their appearance. One by one the really good and artistic members of the company departed, and their places were filled by *débütants* possessing but little voice and still less experience or knowledge of stage effect. By the rules of the opera, all *débütants* are obliged to make three appearances before receiving any remuneration for their services. Acting upon this rule, the manager contrived to carry the opera on for some time without any regular prima donna, thus getting his singers for nothing. The disastrous effect of such a course of proceeding can better be imagined than described. The regular public deserted the house, and fashion disdained to lend its countenance to such a pitiable series of performances. Where the boxes had once presented a blaze of diamonds and a crush of elegant toilets, the shabby representatives of the free-list sat enthroned. The inauguration of the Théâtre Lyrique, when "Der Freischütz," was presented in really excellent style, did not serve to mend matters. Finally came the long-expected crash. The few faithful *habitués* of the theatre, once rendered illustrious by the talents of Grisi, Mario, Penco, Alboni, Patti, and Albani, presented themselves on a certain evening to witness a performance of "Don Pasquale," with still another *débütante*, Mdlle. Ronzi, as *Ninetta*. The dreary spectacle of closed doors and unlighted gas-jets met their

gaze. The Italians, in vulgar but expressive phrase, had "gone up" at last. Negotiations are still pending for the renewal of the enterprise, but it is thought that they will not meet with any success.

The Opéra has produced its second opera of the season in the shape of "La Favorita," with Faure in his celebrated rôle of the King. The new scenery is perfectly exquisite, being thoroughly artistic in coloring and in design. The cloister scenes of the first and fourth acts were strikingly and authentically Spanish in architecture and atmosphere, while the garden of the second and the palace of the third acts were as unmistakably Moorish. The ballet in *Leonora's* garden made a perfect picture, of Watteau-like delicacy and loveliness. The new *danses*, Mdlle. Reghetti, who is a recent importation from London, is a most beautiful girl; as a dancer she is not equal to Beaupré, to say nothing of Sangalli. As to the opera itself, the performance was but mediocre. Achard, the tenor, had better have staid at the Opéra Comique, whence he came, his voice, though sweet and even, being totally inadequate to sustain the strain put upon it. He is also unpleasantly addicted to the use of the *falsetto*. Mdlle. Rosine Bloch, the prima donna of the evening, once christened the "Colossus of Rhodes" by a wicked Parisian critic, is a large, coarse-looking woman, with a voice to match, lacking style and refinement most painfully, both in her singing and her acting. As to Faure, his singing sounds like an echo from the glorious past of the Grand Opéra—a past which has no present, and gives promise of no future. The full, rich voice, the large and ample style, the thorough finish of vocalization, recalled the days of Regier and of Cravelli, if not those of Falcon, Levasseur, and Duprez. "Let us salute in him," says one of the leading musical critics in mournful style, "our one great French singer—perhaps our last." The next opera in the list is "William Tell," which will be brought out in a week or two. The scenery for "Hamlet" is all ready, but the management, to the infinite disgust of M. Ambroise Thomas, refuses to give that opera without the original and the divinest of *Ophelias*, Christine Nilsson, who will not be able to appear in Paris till next season. Mdlle. Devries, who succeeded her in the part, and who married and quitted the stage last spring, offered to return to the boards for a brief season, so as to replace the sick nightingale in the rôle in question, but her offer has been refused.

The *Matinées Littéraires et Musicales* of the Galté continue to be brilliantly successful. At the last one, crowds were turned away from the doors. On that occasion there was represented Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," with all the songs, dances, interludes, etc., with which it was originally performed in the days of Louis XIV., terminating with "La Cérémonie." This last, which is the ceremony of *Argon's* mock reception as a physician, is the only portion of the original interludes which is usually given, and that only on grand and solemn occasions, such as New-Year's eve, Mardi Gras, etc., when all the members of the company, whether of the Comédie Française or the Odéon, enter in procession, the actresses as the young students, and the actors as the grave doctors. The music, both of the songs and the ballets, was the original music by Lull and Charpentier. Among the dances was a *sarabande*, which was executed after the traditions and pictures of the period. The first interlude was the love-making of *Pelichinelle*, as composed by Molière, and with Lull's music. The second consisted of the *sarabande*

and the *garotte*, and of the songs of the Moorish ladies, sung by Mdlles. Maury and Mey, and of a chorus entitled "Profit by the Spring," of which the words were by Molière, set to an air of the fifteenth century. The different rôles in the comedy were played by the company of the Odéon, who showed themselves quite equal to their *confères* of the Comédie Française, at least as far as that piece was concerned. The representation was an exceedingly curious and interesting production of the dramatic fashions and customs of a by-gone century. Would not one of Shakespeare's plays, the "Taming of the Shrew," for instance, prove equally interesting if produced exactly as it was played in Shakespeare's time?

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

An amusing incident took place the other day, during one of the recent performances of the brilliantly successful drama of "Rose Michel," at the Ambigu. Two persons, an Englishman and his wife, were peacefully employed in taking down the dialogue of the play in short-hand, when the police, spurred on by M. Michaëlis, the well-known dramatic and literary agent, who has purchased all the foreign rights in the drama in question, pounced down upon them, and put a stop to their occupation. Two acts had already been taken down. The erring pair were much surprised at being thus summarily called to account, and declared that they were acting on behalf of a well-known London manager, and that they were innocent of any intention of doing wrong. However, French law does not permit the stealing of a play any more than it permits any other sort of theft, and the police took charge of the enterprising couple. I hear that there is to be a united and energetic attempt made by the dramatic authors of France to put a stop to this underhand method of appropriating their ideas.

And, *à propos* of "Rose Michel," an amusing anecdote is told respecting Farguelli's cry of "Assassin! assassin!" which has already become a celebrity of the boulevards. During the rehearsals, the great actress tried in vain to utter this shriek so as to satisfy the ideas of the somewhat exacting author, M. Ernest Blum. He tried to explain to her how he wished it done, but she either could not or would not comprehend his idea. At last a happy thought occurred to him. He remembered how, in his festive and Bohemian youth, he was in the habit of going out with a party of wild young fellows to spend his Sundays in the country near Paris, and how one of the amusements of the day was for one of the party to conceal himself in a clump of trees, and, at the approach of an honest and peaceable bourgeois family, out for a day's pleasuring, to utter piercing shrieks of "Assassin! assassin!" of course, to the infinite horror and discomfiture of the worthy citizens. This young man had made a specialty of this cry, and prided himself greatly on its wild and lamentable tone. M. Blum seized a directory, hunted up the name of his old friend, and went in search of him. He found him transformed from a wild Bohemian into a steady-going business-man, and father of a family, and but little inclined to revive the talent of his youth for the profit of M. Blum. "What! I go to a theatre and give lessons in screaming to an actress!" quoth the regenerated shrieker in horror. Remonstrance was vain, however; the ardent author hustled him into a cab forthwith, and in a few minutes he found himself on the boards of the Ambigu, and face to face with the celebrated actress. Mdlle. Farguelli, much amused at the whole proceeding,

soon persuaded him to exercise his talents in her behalf; she caught the tone from him exactly, and that is how she learned to utter the shriek with such thrilling and realistic effect.

LITERARY.

Among the new books which are announced as in course of preparation is a new novel by Alexandre Dumas the younger, entitled "Thérèse." It is to be published by the house of Michel Levy & Co. The same house also announces to appear this month the second volume of the complete works of J. Autran; Sardou's drama of "La Haine," with a new preface by the author; and a work, called "Autour de la Table," by George Sand. Prefaces seem to be very much the fashion in the literary world of France just at present. Gladly Brothers announce that, from the 15th of this month, the price of their new edition of "Manon Lescaut," rendered celebrated by the preface of the younger Dumas, will be raised to fifty francs. This preface is so indelicate in tone that even the unscrupulous *Figaro* did not dare to reproduce it in its entirety. The same house announces as in preparation a new edition of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, with illustrations from designs by one of the great French painters, and a preface especially written for this edition by the younger Dumas. From "Manon Lescaut" to the "Imitation" is a leap even for a French writer. The author of "La Dame aux Camélias" and "La Femme de Claude" is, notwithstanding his undoubted genius, almost the last person one would imagine as being likely to be selected to pen an introduction to a work for pious study and meditation. It is Byron writing a prologue to Watts's Hymns. Messrs. E. Plon & Co. announce a forthcoming volume by Jules Claretie, called "Camille Desmoulins and Lucille Desmoulins," from new and unpublished documents, a work which promises to be interesting to all students of the history of the French Revolution. M. Claretie has made that period his special study, as witness his very successful novel of "Les Muscadins;" he has also written a drama of the same title, which is shortly to be produced at the Théâtre Lyrique.

AN ART-DISCOVERY.

There has been some stir created in artistic circles here by an article, penned by a well-known literary gentleman, describing the process by which lady-artists, studying in Paris, continue to produce pictures of marvelous power, considering the brief time that they have bestowed upon the study of their art. It appears that artists are to be found in Paris who, for a consideration in the shape either of an immediate payment or of a percentage upon the sale of the painting, are willing to execute portions of the picture, which the lady-artist afterward exhibits as her own work. Thus, one artist will put in the trees, another the background, and a third the figures. The public are then admitted to gaze. They see upon the easel a picture of unquestionable merit and power, and upon the walls a series of studies for the same picture—and nothing else. Nobody ever sees the artist at work. This practice, which, I am told, is far more general than might be supposed, is not only reprehensible in itself, but the crying injustice which is thus done to the honest and conscientious students of their art is manifest. Of course, they cannot hope to compete with their fraudulent comrades, whose pictures have cost them, not time and study, but a few hundred francs, or possibly an empty promise to pay.

LUCY H. HOOPER

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CREMATION.

THE modern advocates of cremation have been forced to contend with two distinct and separate problems: the first an æsthetic or social one, and the second a practical or, speaking more definitely, a chemical one. With the former of these questions, relating, as it does, to the sentimental features of the change, with its indirect effects upon the so-called traditions of burial, we have at present nothing to do. Being a question of sentiment or taste, it seems to come within the limits of that order of themes regarding which there is "no disputing." The scientific problems that are suggested by the practical application of cremation are, however, of a nature to call for a full scientific investigation, with its accompanying analyses and experimental researches. To the character of these investigations, with a brief summary of the results hitherto obtained, attention is now specially directed.

In a recent memoir on the subject, Dr. Fleck states that on an average the human body is composed of—

	Per cent
Water	58.5
Combustible substances	34.5
Mineral substances	9.0

Basing a subsequent calculation on this statement, it appears that the body of an adult weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds will be composed, roughly, as follows:

	Pounds.
Water	9.2
Combustible organic matter	50.
Mineral substances	13.8

The presence of combustible organic matter in so great excess over the mineral or incombustible substances, would naturally suggest that, if the water were removed by any drying process, the body thus desiccated need only be ignited to burn away, until only the mineral matter chiefly contained in the bones remained. We learn, however, that experiments made on this point at Dresden have proved that the fatty matter only continues to burn after being ignited, and that the substance of the muscles and other parts is not of itself able to support combustion. It is at once apparent, therefore, that the scientific question as to how to burn the body (?) is equally significant with the ethical one. Shall the body be burned at all? Continuing our review of these experiments, we learn that, if a body be exposed, without access of oxygen, to a heat which is not sufficient to elevate the temperature of the gases developed from the flesh to the point of ignition, the latter will pass off unconsumed, and in so doing diffuse an intense and offensive odor, resembling that of burnt horn. If, however, this heat be sufficient to raise the temperature of the gases to a point near 1,382° Fahr., and an abundant supply of pure oxygen be furnished, the effect will be the ignition of the gases themselves, the result of the combustion being carbonic-acid gas and steam, with traces of sulphurous and nitrous

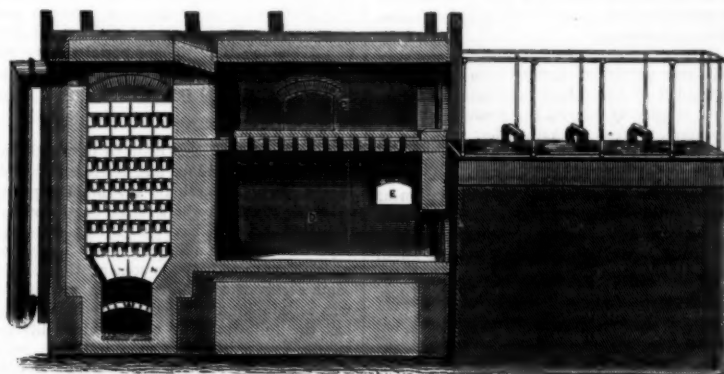
acid, but the latter in quantities so small as not to be offensive.

Before entering upon a description of the furnace designed to compass these ends, it may be well to remind the reader that the question of sentiment is, in a certain degree, present even here, and that also in a form to somewhat embarrass the chemist. We refer to the imperative demand that the ashes of the departed should be retained, uncontaminated with any residue from the combustion of the fuel used in the generation of the desired heat. But for this demand it might be possible to construct a simple cupola-furnace, into which the body might be cast, and, by surrounding it with combustible materials in proper proportion, a complete destruction be effected. This will not do, however. Society protests, and science must respect the omnipotent mandate.

A cremation-furnace that meets these several demands has been recently erected at Dresden, and is the one in which, if our memory is not at fault, the body of the late Lady Dilke was placed, having been conveyed to that city from England. The inventor is the brother of the well-known C. W. Siemens, and

ture. The operations of the furnace are thus described:

"Before cremation can take place, the gas is ignited at the bottom of the regenerator, and combustion is supported by the air entering with the gas. The flames first heat the regenerator, subsequently the combustion-chamber, then pass downward through the grate into the ash-pit, and thence into the chimney-flue *E*. After about four hours (the time, however, depends much on the intensity of the flame) the regenerator will have reached a bright-red heat, while the combustion-chamber shows a comparatively lower temperature. The gas having been shut off, the furnace is now ready for the reception of the body, which is placed on the rollers in front of the chamber *C*, either simply on a board or inclosed in a coffin, as may be preferred; it is now pushed into the furnace and on to several narrow, longitudinal ledges forming part of the grate. The door having been again closed, air only is admitted from the air-channel into the regenerator in case the latter is at its proper high degree of temperature, but otherwise a certain amount of gas may be added. The air, being highly heated on its passage through the regenerator, immediately ignites the body, and supports the combustion so powerfully



Siemens's Cremation-Furnace.

the distinguishing feature of this furnace is the regenerator, which is essentially the same as that employed in the Siemens iron and steel furnaces. By the aid of the accompanying illustration the apparatus and the method of its operation may be briefly described as follows: *C* is the combustion-chamber, into which, at the proper moment, the body is introduced, either exposed on a board or inclosed in a coffin, through a door at the right, which opens on a platform with rollers. Beneath this chamber, and separated from it by a perforated brick floor, is the ash-chamber *D*, from which a flue *E*, leads to the regenerator *B*. This regenerator will be recognized by metallurgists as of the conventional form. It consists of a narrow chamber, in which fire-bricks are so arranged as to leave numerous passages between them for the circulation of the flames that arise from the burning gases ascending from below the arch *A*. These burning gases are introduced from without, and their purpose is to heat the bricks to redness, and thus enable them to impart to the air subsequently admitted a high degree of tempera-

ture. The operations of the furnace are thus described:

In answer to the practical question of cost in connection with this process, it is stated that, in order to effect such a consumption of the body as is above described, nine hundred-weight of coal is needed. It is furthermore stated, however, that a second body, if at once introduced, may be reduced to ashes without the need of reheating the regenerator. It also appears that the size of the body and the amount of fatty matter to be decomposed are elements affecting the economy of the process.

The chemical problem of cremation having thus been successfully answered, it remains for its advocates to overcome what they regard as a popular prejudice, but which society has come to view in the light of a sacred and honored sentiment, demanding the burial of the dead. Having, in previous notices of this movement, given full space to the opinions of its opponents, justice would seem

to demand that, in the present connection, the other side should have a hearing. This we briefly give them in the closing sentences of Professor Frazer's recent lecture on "The Merits of Cremation." After an able historic and sanitary review of the subject, the speaker closes his address as follows:

"There are three ways of accomplishing the purpose of disposing of the dead with care to avoid injury to the living. One is burial under proper restrictions, one is decomposition by chemical agents, and the last is by burning. The second of these may be dismissed as at once revolting and impracticable, and we are left to consider the advantages of burial and burning. If we rigidly adhere to the plan of choosing that method which first shall be safest, second shall prevent all horrible and ghastly scenes and the desecration of the dead, third which shall restore to Nature most expeditiously the little store of her materials held in trust for a few years, we must unhesitatingly give the preference to burning. Here nothing is left to chance—not even resuscitation. There are no horrid exhumations and mangling of remains; no poisoning of wells; no generation of low fevers and disgusting insects. The body, if not the soul, flies heavenward and leaves a trifling residue of white bone-ash behind. But it is objected to cremation that it offends the religious sense of the community.

"It is a curious historical fact that not only did those particular nations who were most persuaded of the future existence, and who most religiously adored the remains of their ancestors, practise cremation, but they did so precisely on the sentimental ground which is now asserted stands in the way of its adoption. They did so, first, that they might retain near them the slight unalterable residue of a form once loved; and, second, lest a future generation that knew it not, or some rude hand, might profane its last resting-place."

In a recent paper read by Captain Pim before the Society of Arts, the writer gives the following lucid and concise definition of the term tonnage as applied to ships: "A vessel with her equipment and crew will have a certain line of flotation, and a certain displacement; and, after taking a full cargo, she will have another and a deeper line of flotation, with a greater displacement; or, so to speak, her own deeper immersion will cause her to impress a deeper hole in the water. The cubic contents of that portion of the vessel contained between these two water-lines, measured externally, will be the same as the number of cubic feet of water which the cargo, by depressing her, has compelled the vessel to force out of its place. As the weight of one cubic foot of water is known, that weight, multiplied by the number of cubic feet of water displaced by the greater immersion of the vessel, will give the weight of the volume of the water so displaced, and that weight will be the same as the weight of the cargo, the presence of which caused the displacement in question—that weight I therefore propose should constitute the tonnage of the vessel, since it is the weight, when expressed in tons, of the cargo which she can carry with safety to herself and her crew." We are certain that those of our readers who were not perfectly informed as to the precise significance of this term will be grateful to Captain Pim for his simple definition of it. In another portion of this same paper, the author took occasion to express an opinion against the modern system of long

ships, and, as we of this country are directly interested in all that pertains to transatlantic communication, the following opinions, which were elicited by Captain Pim's remarks, will prove of interest. They were made by Captain Peacock, an old practical seaman, and are reported in the journal of the society as follows: "Captain Pim had shown by models the dangerous class of steam-vessels in present use, and the strain to which they were exposed in heavy seas, and this he believed to be a tremendous evil. He did not wish to introduce any thing like religious clap-trap, but he had always considered the dimensions of the Ark the very *beau idéal* of a ship, either for steam or canvas; as a boy he had made a model on those proportions, and some twenty years ago he drafted and superintended the building of an iron ship of eight hundred tons with the same proportions—viz., the length six times the beam, and the depth one-tenth of the length. She answered admirably: sailed well; carried a large cargo on a light draught; was very smart in stays and in wearing, and became a great favorite as a liner in the New-Zealand trade, where she still remained, as sound and good as the first day she was built. On the completion of her first twelve years she was strictly surveyed by Lloyd's, and reclassified without shifting a rivet or a plate." Whatever differences of opinion may justly exist as to the true character and extent of the flood, it is not without a degree of satisfaction that we are permitted to record this modern professional opinion in support of the earliest recorded theory of ship-building.

AGAIN are we called upon to part with one of our cherished idols, and poets and moralists who are in search for a symbol of purity must seek it elsewhere than in the snow-flake. Already we have presented a condensed report of M. Tissandier's analysis of atmospheric dust; and now, in continuation of the same series of experiments, this worker offers certain kindred facts from which we select the following: If one hundred litres—twenty-two gallons—of snow-water be evaporated to dryness, there will remain a residue varying from 0.048 grammes (in the country) to 0.212 grammes (in Paris); this residue is in the form of a fine, gray powder, the organic matter of which, being rich in carbon, burns brightly, leaving an ash representing from fifty-seven to sixty-one per cent. of the whole. An analysis of this ash proves it to be composed of silica, carbonate of lime, alumina, chlorides, sulphates, nitrate of ammonia, and a large amount of iron. In verification of these facts, another observer had collected, in a remote forest district of Finland, a large body of snow, which was melted with great care. The result was water containing a sooty black powder, which included minute particles of magnetic iron. As the presence of magnetic iron is clearly established, even in snow-water obtained from the most distant and desolate northern regions, the problem it suggests is an inviting one, and our readers may soon look for renewed discussion regarding the character and composition of the mysterious "star-dust," of which so much has already been written.

In the present connection, the following views of M. Gronemann, in explanation of the aurora borealis, will prove of interest. The light of the aurora is credited to a fine meteoric powder, which enters our atmosphere at so high a velocity as to become incandescent; that is, it comes from myriads of minute falling stars. "This meteoric pow-

der," says M. Gronemann, "composed in a great part of magnetic metals, comes under the influence of terrestrial magnetism, and is grouped in the magnetic lines as steel filings when scattered in a plane over the poles of a magnet." Ingenious as is this theory, the question is at once suggested, When these particles are brought to repose by the magnetic attraction, will they not at once become cool, and hence non-luminous?

As a supplement to our recent remarks on the consumption of wood for railway-ties, the following facts, gleaned from an article on the Russian forests, will prove of interest: That portion of the Russian provinces known as Russia in Europe contains forests to the extent of four hundred and forty-two million eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred acres, or forty per cent. of the whole area. The principal trees are the Scotch pine, spruce, fir, larch, birch, lime, aspen, and oak. In the southern districts there have been planted by the government, since the year 1866, over twenty thousand acres. The value of the forest products exported in the year 1871 may be roughly stated at fifteen million dollars. Among the special and peculiar uses of wood in that country may be given the following: Between thirty and forty million wooden spoons are made yearly. The most destructive industries are those which require the consumption of the inner bark of the lime, birch, and willow, such as basket-mats, cordage, and bark-boots, known as *lapki*. It is computed that one hundred million pairs of *lapki* are manufactured every year, each pair requiring the bark of four young trees; thus four hundred million young trees are destroyed yearly for shoes alone. The aspen, till late years regarded as almost useless, is now made to serve a good purpose in furnishing material for paper-making. Already ten paper-factories are in active operation, and their products give promise of a rich return.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

A PAPER entitled "Shelley's Earlier Years," in *Cornhill*, is an eloquent defense of the brilliant but eccentric poet. We quote two passages from the opening portion:

"Percy Bysshe Shelley, the most spiritual of all the poets of the nineteenth century, remains, in many aspects, one of the unsolved problems of literature. Misapprehended and misunderstood more, perhaps, than any other man of equal genius by his own generation, even at this day, also, his name excites a visible tremor in those whose estimate of him has been formed from a superficial examination of his extraordinary character. The wild beauty of his song penetrates every mind which is capable of being moved by poetic thought and expression; yet, from the moment when this grand but erratic luminary first shot across the horizon of English literature, readers and critics have been divided into two distinctly hostile camps whenever any attempt has been made to assign him his true position. We are in the habit of thinking that the poet is never happy till his death; but neither in his life nor his death hath the just balance been held with regard to Shelley—his detractors ever being unwilling to give due weight to the circumstances of his life, and his unreasoning ad-

mirers being blinded to his imperfections by the excess and magnificence of his poetic vision. More than most men in his art he has excited a personal interest in the legion of his commentators and elucidators, and, in almost all that has been said of him, some warp or bias is easily discernible. A curious and interesting study may, however, be made of this gifted being, if we examine, by the light of well-ascertained facts, the springs of thought and action in his early life—and it is a study which will materially assist toward a conception of the real nature of the poet in his later years. From the very youth of Shelley, the interconnection between fact and action was so close and intimate—distinguishing in truth the whole of his strange and brilliant career—that the biographical incidents of his history become necessary to a true understanding of his character. The poet lives in his emotions; preeminently was this the case with Shelley; and the singular strength and tenacity of his feelings will in a large measure account for the failure of mere criticism, unassisted by a quick sympathy, to arrive at a just estimate of the poet and the man. My present object is chiefly to set forth, as I conceive him, Shelley, while yet in his youth, through his genius and personality, a being permeated with the 'enthusiasm of humanity' to a degree seldom witnessed in recent generations. Biography will be an adjunct, by whose aid we shall endeavor to get at the soul of the poet, and hope to unravel some of those tangled threads of character which puzzle most students of his nature, and which have even betrayed men of kindred gifts into unworthy aspersions upon his name. For nearly two centuries past no more remarkable phenomenon has arisen—a phenomenon at once so striking and so splendid—the terror of those who saw in him only the fiery champion of atheism, but a glorious radiance to all who have finally comprehended the efforts of his imagination and the nobility of his heart. He can scarcely pass for a true lover of poetry who has not in his youth revelled in the luxuriant fancies of 'Queen Mab'; nor can a man be said to have done justice to the strength of thought in his later age except 'The Cenci' and 'Prometheus Unbound' have, with other extraordinary creations, commanded his willing admiration. This sanguine and rebellious spirit had but one equal in his day—Wordsworth, the patriarch of the north, who, filled with a calm majestic as that which possessed the mountains and lakes of his inspiration, was in every respect the antithesis of his younger brother in song.

"Before the childish principle of selfishness is generally eliminated from the breast, was this youth troubled and saddened by the wrongs and misery of the world. Yet never were divine pity and magnanimity crushed out of his soul. All the malignity of his foes, and all the suffering which fell to his lot, only served to make the flame of his noble philanthropy burn the brighter and with a purer radiance. Despotism never conquered the fresh feelings of his heart, and his gentleness seemed to grow by the unlikely meat it fed on. Of the strange school-boy at Brentford, 'nursing his mighty youth,' unsuspected of genius, and apparently the bitter sport of Fates, we have the following portraiture: 'Shelley was slightly yet elegantly formed; he had deep-blue eyes, of a wild, strange beauty, and a high, white forehead, overshadowed with a quantity of dark-brown curling hair. His complexion was very fair; and, though his features were not positively handsome, the expression of his countenance was one of exceeding sweet-

ness and sincerity. His look of youthfulness he retained to the end of his life, though his hair was beginning to get gray—the effect of intense study, and of the painful agitations of mind through which he had passed.' We are not surprised to learn that, though Shelley paid little attention to his tasks at school, he easily outstripped his companions. But the daily routine was singularly wearisome to him, and was rendered doubly so by the petty persecutions to which he was subjected, and which he regarded as very atrocious. This was one of the first intimations of his recognition of the dignity of the human soul, and of his unchangeable determination never to see it degraded in his own person. A strong antipathy to physical punishments he displayed when he visited his sister Helen at her school at Clapham, and insisted upon the cessation of what he considered to be a derogatory method of correction. Referring to his school-life, one writer says: 'I do not give him as an example for children to follow. Away with this cant of school-boy reproving. I describe, and as far as in me lies unfold, the secrets of a human heart; and, if I be true to Nature, I depict an uprightness of purpose, a generosity of sentiment, and a sweetness of disposition, that yielded not to the devil of hate, but to the God of love, unequalled by any human being that ever existed. Tamed by affection, but unconquered by blows, what chance was there that Shelley should be happy at a public school?' It is strange that this man, who should have excited such an intense veneration in every individual who knew him personally, should have been subjected to bitter diatribes from those who ran with the multitude to condemn him, but who were utterly unable to comprehend his nature.

"Shelley at Eton displayed that fearlessness of character which ever strongly distinguished him. He opposed, with passionate ardor, the system of flogging which was pursued, and his individual force was such that he kept down the hateful system, so far as he was personally concerned. As for the stories told of his residence, both here and at Oxford, are they not too familiar to need repetition? Doubtless, his eccentricities have been exaggerated; while his serious periods of reflection and isolation—during which his fruitful imagination conjured up strange visions, creating and peopling worlds—were taken as evidences that he was unsober, if not morose. Probably the whole matter is a misconception. As well make oil and water coalesce as adapt Shelley to the moods of the youths with whom he was associated. Constantly living in another sphere, he was only occasionally brought down to current mundane affairs and persons. Yet that he was capable of forming sincere and lasting friendships has been abundantly proved. As a youth, his large soul was impatient of all paltriness and meanness with which it came in contact, while the pleasures of his imagination were so strong and satisfying as to draw him away largely from ordinary communion with the human. Then, too, even in his days of boyhood, there were floating in his mind certain undefined schemes, which he longed to promulgate for the amelioration of the race; and there is something beautiful, if strange, in a youth of seventeen so impressed with the necessity of working for the good of his species as to be contemplating the issue of a novel which was to give the death-blow to intolerance. Concerning those anecdotes which have been taken by some to point to incipient madness, I need not say much. After carefully examining them, I find nothing but what may be attributed to a simple feverishness of

nerves. Earnestness and restlessness which never slept till his body perished in the blue Mediterranean—qualities whose permeating influences were peculiarly exceptional in him—made him seem a being of another type. He experienced, also—but only on two or three separate occasions in his lifetime—peculiar visions or hallucinations, which, however, were simply the result of a surcharge of ideality, and nothing more. But, of many of his extraordinary deeds we should never have heard, had he not developed into an unquestionably great poet. When genius becomes manifest, it pays the penalty of having all the trivial actions of youth unearthed, and canvassed as remarkable incidents, whose real import is now only discovered for the first time. Occasionally these incidents are invented. That Shelley was eccentric—a being, that is, who does not move in the common centre, but who will have his own orbit—is an undoubted fact; nor does it admit of denial that his consciousness of divergence from the mental constitution of others led him to isolate himself, just as the early intimations of genius, so different in kind, led to the seclusiveness of James Watt.

"The fact that Shelley was called 'atheist' at Eton has been held to be indicative of his opinions thus early in life, notwithstanding it has been pointed out that the term 'atheist' was applied at Eton to one who ventured to set even temporal authorities at defiance. Such speculations as these are worthless in helping us to arrive at a judgment upon the man. We are at a loss to know what basis of truth exists in them, and it is as foolish as it is unjust to attempt to construct a theory of character when we are absolutely in doubt as to the preliminary steps being sound and undeniable. This much, and this only, is, I think, legitimately deducible from Shelley's stay at Eton—that here was a remarkable youth, who could not possibly be confounded with the common herd; one whose vivid but confused imagination was struggling after divine forms in which to express itself; one who was the sworn foe of injustice, and who was prepared to combat it, even if the result involved martyrdom. But he was no atheist as yet in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He undoubtedly hated all authority which did not spring from love; but, upon distinctively religious and theological questions, he had not yet begun to formulate. His idea of abolishing God, and conducting the world upon an improved principle, was reserved for a rather later stage of his existence."

A LADY sends to *Temple Bar* an account of "A Few Weeks with Hans Andersen," which has considerable interest. Being on a visit to some friends in Denmark, Andersen became the guest of the family at the same time. Our selections open with the arrival of the poet at the house:

"I stood alone on the step of the veranda, gazing at him, my heart so beating from excitement, I was glad no one, in their eagerness to speak to him, had time to notice me. At last, then, I was in the presence of the man whose writings had been the joy of my early life, dearer to me than ought else in the world! I stood still, scanning his features after a while, and wondering unconsciously why such a wonderful genius need be so very plain in appearance. Presently I felt, rather than saw, his look wander from his friends to my solitary figure on the step, and, as he moved forward, I heard him say, in a frank, simple way, 'Ah, here is a new face; she does not know me.'

"Madame H— turned, and, smiling to me as I intuitively drew near, answered gayly, 'This is our dear English guest, who has been so longing to see you, dear Andersen, and she has thought of nothing else for days, I know.' 'Good,' he replied, holding out his hand, and, as I put mine into his with a thrill of delight—nay, almost of reverence—he said, in his broken English:

"Ah, you would know me; you love me all the time! I will give you one portrait of Andersen the poet. Have you read my stories?' he added, suddenly changing to German, which he speaks better than English.

"They were the sunshine of my childhood," I answered, warmly, all my shyness disappearing before the man's simple, child-like manner. 'I loved them better than any others. I slept with them under my pillow from the time I was six years old and could read.'

"Oh, that is good!" he replied, rubbing his hands, as is his wont when pleased. 'Come, you and I will talk a little; I will give you my portrait; we will be friends, dear friends—shall we? You are glad to know me? Every one likes me, Andersen. But now I must talk to all these good people, and tell them the story of my travels. Come and listen, and, if you don't understand the Danish, I will translate for you—come.'

"He turned from me, and, with the same simple manner in which he had thus spoken of himself to me, he took a seat, and asked the company if they would not like to hear all about his adventures since he had been away.

"An hour later, after partaking of chocolate and a sweet Danish cake always served on fête-days, most of the guests returned to town, and there remained but a few very intimate friends of the family to dine and spend the evening, among whom was Andersen, who intended staying a few weeks with us in this charming retreat by the sea, away from the dust and heat of the city.

"In a few days he and I became fast friends. With a delight that was almost boyish, he read to me various letters of praise and commendation he had received from two or three of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, and from men of standing in the literary world, and one letter that he prized dearly, in a large child's-hand, and that he always carried in his pocket-book, from Livingstone's little daughter of six, who had thanked him for 'his kindness in writing so many pretty stories.'

"It warms my heart when the children tell me they love me," he added, as he folded the paper and put it in its place; 'but I think all the world loves me, for they love my tales, and my tales they are me.'

"And I think he spoke truly, for his writings contain an exquisite beauty of thought and feeling, with that true appreciation of all that is good and lovely in Nature which only a pure, unspoiled talent can bring forth, and in reading his works one is compelled not only to admire his genius, but to love the man who wrote them.

"His is a simple nature, easy to read in his every-day relations with his fellows. I was charmed with him as a companion. Living in the same house with him, in the free, unrestrained intercourse of the country, I spent many a delightful hour by his side, drinking in the wondrous fancies of his brain, and listening to his quaint talk, which seemed to come from some far-away world into which he alone, of all I had ever met, had gained admittance. In the cool of the afternoon he liked to walk in the fields with any of our party who were so inclined. For the first quarter of an

hour he would not talk much, but shamble along, poking his stick into every hole and corner, or touching with it every odd thing that lay in his path. Then something would attract his attention—a bit of old glass, a faded flower, or a half-eaten insect—no matter what it was, he would stoop and pick it up, touch it tenderly, bend over it caressingly, and then, in a kind of low, half-regretful tone, he would begin and tell the story of its life, its joys, its sorrows, and the sad destiny which brought it to the spot where he had found it, till I would stand listening in hushed awe, looking at the thing in his hand, and then at the dreamy face speaking so earnestly, and wonder if the man had really a soul and body belonging to the same earth that all the rest of us dwelt in so prosaically, or if he would presently vanish into the spirit-realm whence he gathered his fanciful ideas, and be no longer by our side.

"He seemed to me to live in a world peculiarly his own, all his ideas, thoughts, and actions, differing from those around him, and his fanciful interpretations of the every-day incidents of life often made me smile, and made me envy the dear old man the power he had of drawing pleasure to himself and giving amusement to others, from many of the small vexations which are apt to occur in the best-regulated and most orderly households.

"Andersen cannot only weave and tell a story well, but he is a rare reader. Often in the evening, when the drawing-room was full of guests, when the fun and laughter were beginning to decline, or when there was a pause in the exquisite music always to be heard at Madame H—'s charming soirées, I have noticed Andersen quietly rise from his corner, take a paper from his pocket, draw near a lamp, and propose to read a story. Of course, it was one of his own, and voices would be hushed in eager expectation, for all knew that, whatever it was, old or new, it would be sure to be worth listening to. Then, with a few words explanatory of the story, he would begin softly, as if to insure and command the attention of all around, and then gradually grow louder and louder, till his voice, always melodious and full of feeling, had reached the pitch fitted for the room. As he read on and on, and the story unfolded itself, one seemed to forget the society around, and to live in the troubles and sorrows or pleasures of those he was describing. His story done, he would rise from his chair, and, with a low, awkward bow, and a slight wave of his hand, retire to his corner, and shut his eyes and rest.

"Once, when I was telling him how intensely I enjoyed these delicious impromptu readings, and how pleasant and novel such a procedure was, he smiled, and answered in his frank way, 'If a lady can play, she likes to let others hear her talent; an artist shows his pictures—why should not I tell my little story, for that is my gift from God?'

"Andersen has another accomplishment which often causes much merriment to his friends. Give him a pair of scissors and some paper, and in a few moments he will cut out a group of figures, so absurd in their expression and attitudes, that roars of laughter always follow their appearance on the table. How he does it is a mystery, for the scissors move rapidly, and apparently without any forethought or effort, and yet the daintiest young ladies in elaborate dress, the most beautiful foliage to trees, or delicate curves in some graceful, fanciful design, will all, as if by magic, start out of the paper at the request of any child or grown person present. He is rather proud of this unusual talent, and will often sign his name on one of these fragile little picture-

forms, and present it gravely to a lady, and beg her to keep it for his sake.

"Andersen has another gift seldom possessed, or, if possessed, rarely displayed by a man, and that is the art of arranging flowers.

"In Denmark, on fête-days and saint-days of note, it is a pretty custom to decorate the breakfast-table and house-door with wreaths and flowers, as also the chair of the lady who is called after the saints. On each of these occasions which occurred during my happy visit to Petershol, I gazed with wonder and delight at the charming taste the dear old man showed in his choice of decoration. He never allowed any one to help him arrange the flowers; he said it disturbed his ideas, and he could not work to order, so we generally gathered him a basketful from the overladen garden, and then left him alone to do with them as he would, and the effect of his work was always simply perfect. Often and often, too, he loved to place a tiny nosegay by the plate of some one at breakfast; perhaps it was only a bit of grass gathered here and there during his early walk, a colored leaf, or a brilliant wild-flower, but, put together by his magic hand, would be as dainty and beautiful as if Titania herself had woven it. And to me one of its special charms consisted in the marvelous likeness these tiny nosegays always seemed to bear to the one for whom it had been woven, and the intuitive power he displayed of accurately reading character by the flowers he chose for his graceful offerings.

"I had traveled much, I had been in many charming country-houses, but never before or since have I enjoyed a visit so truly and intensely as I did those six weeks spent at Petershol. The weather was warm and glorious, the country round exquisitely beautiful, tempting one to long walks and rides over mountain and through forest. The Sound lay at our feet, always cool and refreshing; fruit of every kind abounded; and, when it was too warm for exertion, there were plenty of shady nooks to lie and doze or read in. And in-doors we were a pleasant party. Madame H—, our hostess, is one of the most accomplished musicians of the age, and has a bright, fascinating manner that attracts all who know her. Her husband is witty and clever, and a splendid linguist; and their children have been well brought up and educated. They are a charming family, and no wonder Andersen loves to stay with them summer after summer, and to visit them daily in the winter in town, as is his wont. Almost every evening friends from the neighborhood would drop in for an hour, or people come out from town, uninvited, to enjoy the delicious music and other pleasures sure to be heard and found at Petershol.

"Ah, those evenings were perfect, especially when, as the autumn advanced, it was dark and chilly out-of-doors, and we retired to the drawing-rooms and had music, and now and then dancing; and Andersen would read, or a scene from a play would be acted; but always brilliant conversation, amusing repartee, and quick wit, might be heard in half a dozen languages. For our host culled his friends and filled his drawing-rooms, not from one rank or set in society, but from the great, and talented, and gifted of every grade and kind to be found in the country. Men of mere social standing he cared not for; but poets, literary men, artists, actors, singers, and diplomats, or distinguished foreigners, all found a welcome and a place at his hospitable table. Conversation never flagged in his rooms; all were brilliant, gay, happy, and very sorry to go when ten o'clock struck, and Herr H— laughingly turned his guests all out. 'In the

country,' he explained to any new-comer who looked astonished when he heard his host say, 'Ten minutes to ten, friends, get ready now; in the country we get up with the birds, so we must go to bed early, or we get no sleep.'

"Andersen enjoyed these evenings immensely. He is a genial, amiable man, and in the simplicity of his heart he judges all men from his own standard. I was told he is a kind, good friend to all who seek his advice or help, and that he is so much loved and respected that he rarely eats a dozen dinners at his own home (a suite of rooms in the best part of Copenhagen) in the course of the year. Children worship him, and often seize upon him, climb on his knee, hang to his arms, and entreat to be told if 'only one' story, for he never can refuse the coaxing tone of the little ones! 'Do, dear Andersen.'

"Andersen must be seventy years of age now. He stoops much when walking, but his hair is not very gray, nor is the thin, slight beard he wears under his smooth-shaven chin. His eyes are small, but bright and good-humored, and his forehead remarkably high; and, although he is by no means a handsome man, yet his pleasing, winsome manners and genial smile unconsciously prepossess one at first appearance. His mornings he devotes to writing, but he would often come and join us in the veranda, and read to us, as we worked, the outline of a new story or a fresh idea about an old one."

The *Spectator* takes a bold stand in regard to the morals of cheapness, and in the main its arguments are just:

"It may be quite true in art that an effect should not be gained by deception; that in furniture veneering is bad, however well designed; that in decoration reliefs should not be imitated by paint; that in architecture the material employed should be manifest, and not hidden away by stucco. But, morally, there is only harm in veneer, paint, and stucco, when they are sold or described as the articles they are intended to represent. Not only is there no harm whatever in producing inferior articles—provided they are frankly described as what they are—but there is distinct good, for there is distinct benefit, to the larger number of mankind. The only effect of insisting on perfect reality as well as perfect work in manufacture is to confine all pleasant things to the limited class who can afford to pay great prices. We will take the very worst instance, the instance which tells most against our argument, and defend it upon that. Nothing can be more vile than sham jewelry. With the exception of the pearl, no jewel can be so imitated that the imitation is pleasing to the expert; and, with the exception of the diamond, no precious stone can be imitated so as to be pleasing at all. The very best precious stone of the Palais-Royal kind is ugly, and wearing it is a bit of barbarism worthy only of an uncivilized race. But neither the manufacture of sham jewels, nor the sale of them, nor the wearing of them, is an immorality. They may be evidences of bad taste, but they are not wrong acts, provided there is no lying in the matter. This is a crucial instance, for false jewelry is of no use whatever; and the case as regards useful articles is infinitely stronger. Take shoddy cloth, for instance, imitation broadcloth, made of material which has been used before, and therefore will not wear—where is the harm of manufacturing shoddy? The great majority of mankind cannot buy broadcloth. They desire, however, not to be conspicuous by avoiding broadcloth,

and therefore seek a material which looks as like broadcloth as can be sold at the price they can afford. Where is the harm of gratifying that perfectly natural desire? If the manufacturer sells his shoddy as broadcloth—he is a swindler, and if the wearer of shoddy says it is broadcloth he is a liar; but, supposing both to be frank, where is the moral wrong in either? To read some of the diatribes which appear daily about English goods, one would imagine that the production of cheap articles was a crime simply because they are cheap. We hear, for instance, constantly that English merchants are losing the Central-Asian trade—that wonderful delusion, deliberately kept up because it is convenient both to the English and the Russian Foreign Offices—because they will not make the long-lasting cloths in which the barbarians up there delight. Let us admit that to be true, and what then? The English manufacturers in seeking, as they always seek, for a great but cheap trade, instead of a limited dear trade, are making a blunder; but how, if they correctly describe their goods, are they committing an immorality? 'Oh, they are pandering to the passion for cheapness.' Stuff! why should there not be a passion for cheap piece-goods as well as for cheap bread? The motive in either case is precisely the same. The manufacturer who weighs his calicoes with 'sizing' is very often a rogue, because he thinks that he is helping his customer to deceive the ultimate buyers; but if he tells the truth, and happens to know what is the fact, that a native of India can no more be taken in by false calicoes than by false coinage, that the shrewdest housewife who ever drove a shopman crazy by spending an hour in comparing calicoes is a fool to a *ryot*, why should he not sell sized calico? The article is bad, but if manufacturer and middleman and buyer all know that, and know it equally, where is the moral wrong? Because calico ought to be good? Why should it be good when it is wanted bad? Suppose Justus Perthes to have sold bad books, he would have been doing wrong, because bad books injure people; but calico has no moral effect. If Justus Perthes had sold his good books badly bound, and carelessly printed on smudged paper, for the sake of selling a million instead of a thousand, he would not have been doing wrong, but unusually right, because he would have been aiding the diffusion of knowledge. From the artistic point of view he is wrong, no doubt, but not from the moral one. It is asserted with great indignation that the sale of a poor article destroys the commercial reputation of the country; but surely that is a mere question of expediency. If a reputation for cheapness pays better than a reputation for perfect goods, where is the moral evil in preferring the former reputation? It is just as possible for a 'Cheap Jack' to be honest and truthful, and the rest of it, while selling his rubbishy delf, as for Messrs. Copeland while selling artistic china. It is just the same with building. Builders are scolded because they build badly, with thin walls and unseasoned wood, and so on, and, of course, if they risk a crash or take advantage of the buyer's ignorance, they deserve punishment; but thousands want space in their houses who cannot afford to pay for both space and good work, and who know perfectly well that they buy what they want, at the cost of thin walls and bad wood and slatternly painting, instead of at the cost of money. Why should they not have what they want? Take another instance, about which one day there will be a good deal of writing. The passion for cheapness has got into the carpet-trade, and carpets are now manufact-

ured that are about as bad and as cheap as carpets well can be. The man who, being able to afford better, buys them is a fool, for they will cost three times their price in renewals. But suppose the buyer is a man, like the majority, who can afford ten pounds every three years more easily than twenty pounds all at once, why is he to be forbidden to use a carpet? He might just as well be forbidden to live in any house not his own freehold. That it would be better for the art-education of the world that all carpets should be hand-made and dyed in the wool, that the poor should varnish their floors till they can afford the good article, and that every carpet sold should be perfection, may be admitted, and still the question remains, How much are men bound to sacrifice for an advance in æsthetics, the value of which they are unable even to understand? Morally, we should say very little indeed, and certainly not the daily comfort without which they, being uneducated, would lose their own self-respect. Frankness once granted, it seems to us that a tradesman may lead a noble life quite as well when selling cheap as when selling dear articles, whether the article sold be called shoddy, or sized calico, or veneered furniture, or any thing else. It is art, not morality, which is in danger from cheapness."

In a new volume by the Rev. J. S. Wood, entitled "Man and Beast here and hereafter," occurs the following striking ghost-story, which the reader may credit or not, as he is accustomed to do in regard to legends of this sort:

"There are, as we know, many persons who cannot believe that, as they put it, the living should be able to see the dead. Neither do I believe it. But as the spirit lives, though the material body no longer inclose it, surely there can be no difficulty in believing that the living spirit within an earthly body may see a living spirit which has escaped from its material garment. We do not doubt that after the death of the body the spirit will live and see other spirits similarly freed from earth, and it is no very great matter that the living should see the living, though one be still enshrined in its earthly tabernacle, and the other released from it.

"This being granted—and it is not very much to grant—it necessarily follows that if the lower animals possess spirit, they may be capable of spiritual as well as material vision. That they do possess this power, and that it can be exercised, is shown by the story of Balaam. There we find it definitely stated, not only that the ass saw the angel, but that she saw him long before her master did. Now, the angel, being a spiritual being, could only be seen with the spiritual eye; and it therefore follows that, unless the story be completely false, the animal possessed a spirit, and saw with the eye of that spirit.

"I should think that none who believe in the truth of the Holy Scriptures (and I again remind the reader that this book is only intended for those who do so), could doubt that here is a case which proves that the spirit of the ass was capable of seeing and fearing the spiritual angel. And if that be granted, I do not see how any one can doubt that the spirit which saw the angel partook of his immortality, just as her outward eye, which saw material objects, partook of their mortality. Shortly afterward, the eyes of the prophet were opened, and he also saw the angel; but it must be remembered that the eyes of the beast had

been opened first, and that she, her master, and the angel, met for the time in the same spiritual plane.

"I have for a long time had in my possession a letter from a lady, in which she narrates a personal adventure which has a singularly close resemblance to the Scriptural story of Balaam. It had been told me immediately after I threw out my 'feeler' in the 'Common Objects of the Country.' As I had at that time the intention of vindicating the immortality of the lower animals, I requested the narrator to write it, so that I might possess the statement authenticated in her own handwriting.

"At the time of the occurrence, the lady and her mother were living in an old country chateau in France:

"It was during the winter of 18— that one evening I happened to be sitting by the side of a cheerful fire in my bedroom, busily engaged in caressing a favorite cat—the illustrious Lady Catharine, now, alas! no more. She lay in a pensive attitude and a winking state of drowsiness in my lap.

"Although my room might be without candles, it was perfectly illuminated by the light of the fire. There were two doors—one behind me, leading into an apartment which had been looked for the winter, and another on the opposite side of the room, which communicated with the passage.

"Mamma had not left me many minutes, and the high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair, which she had occupied, remained vacant at the opposite corner of the fireplace. Puss, who lay with her head on my arm, became more and more sleepy, and I pondered on the propriety of preparing for bed.

"Of a sudden I became aware that something had affected my pet's equanimity. The purring ceased, and she exhibited rapidly-increasing symptoms of uneasiness. I bent down, and endeavored to coax her into quietness; but she instantly struggled to her feet in my lap, and spitting vehemently, with back arched and tail swollen, she assumed a mingled attitude of terror and defiance.

"The change in her position obliged me to raise my head; and on looking up, to my inexpressible horror, I then perceived that a little, hideous, wrinkled old hag occupied mamma's chair. Her hands were rested on her knees, and her body was stooped forward so as to bring her face in close proximity with mine. Her eyes, piercingly fierce and shining with an overpowering lustre, were steadfastly fixed on me. It was as if a fiend were glaring at me through them. Her dress and general appearance denoted her to belong to the French *bourgeoise*; but those eyes, so wonderfully large, and in their expression so intensely wicked, entirely absorbed my senses, and precluded any attention to detail. I should have screamed, but my breath was gone while that terrible gaze so horribly fascinated me: I could neither withdraw my eyes nor rise from my seat.

"I had meanwhile been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such ugly neighborhood, and after some most desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs, and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side.

"My terror was divided, and I looked by turns, now at the old woman, whose great,

staring eyes were constantly fixed on me, and now at the cat, who was becoming every instant more frantic. At last the dreadful idea that the animal had gone mad had the effect of restoring my breath, and I screamed loudly.

"Mamma ran in immediately, and the cat, on the door opening, literally sprang over her head, and for upward of half an hour ran up and down stairs as if pursued. I turned to point to the object of my terror: it was gone. Under such circumstances the lapse of time is difficult to appreciate, but I should think that the apparition lasted about four or five minutes.

"Some time afterward it transpired that a former proprietor of the house, a woman, had hanged herself in that very room."

"The close but evidently unsuspected resemblance of this narrative to the story of Balaam is worthy of notice. In both cases we have the remarkable fact that the animal was the first to see the spiritual being, and to show by its terrified actions that it had done so."

All the Year Round, in an article on "Paint and Canvas," has mention of De Louthembourg, Garrick's scene-painter, to whom the stage is greatly indebted for many inventions and devices in the art of scenic illustration:

"It will be remembered that *Mr. Puff*, in 'The Critic,' giving a specimen of 'the puff direct' in regard to a new play, says: 'As to the scenery, the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthembourg are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivaled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers.' Shortly after his arrival in England, about 1770, De Louthembourg became a contributor to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. In 1780 he was elected an associate; in the following year he obtained the full honors of academicianship. His easel-pictures were for the most part landscapes, effective and forcible after an unconventional fashion, and wholly at variance with the 'classically-composed' landscapes then in vogue. Turner when, in 1808, he was appointed Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy, is said to have taken up his abode at Hammersmith in order that he might be near De Louthembourg, for whose works he professed cordial admiration. The old scene-painter's bold and strong effects, his daring treatment of light and shade, his system of color, bright even to gaudiness, probably arrested the attention of the younger artist, and were to him exciting influences. Upon De Louthembourg's landscapes, however, little store is now placed; but, as a scene-painter, he deserves to be remembered for the ingenious reforms he introduced. He found the scene a mere 'flat' of strained canvas extending over the whole stage. He was the first to use 'set scenes' and 'raking pieces.' He also invented transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, sunshine, firelight, volcanoes, etc., and obtained new effects of color by means of silken screens of various hues placed before the foot and side lights. He discovered, too, that ingenious effects might be obtained by suspending gauzes between the scene and the spectators. These are now, of course, but commonplace contrivances: they were, however, distinctly the inventions of De Louthembourg, and were calculated to impress the play-goers of his time very signally. To

Garrick, De Louthembourg rendered very important assistance, for Garrick was much inclined to scenic decorations of a showy character, although as a rule he restricted these embellishments to the after-pieces, and for the more legitimate entertainments of his stage was content to employ old and stock scenery that had been of service in innumerable plays."

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